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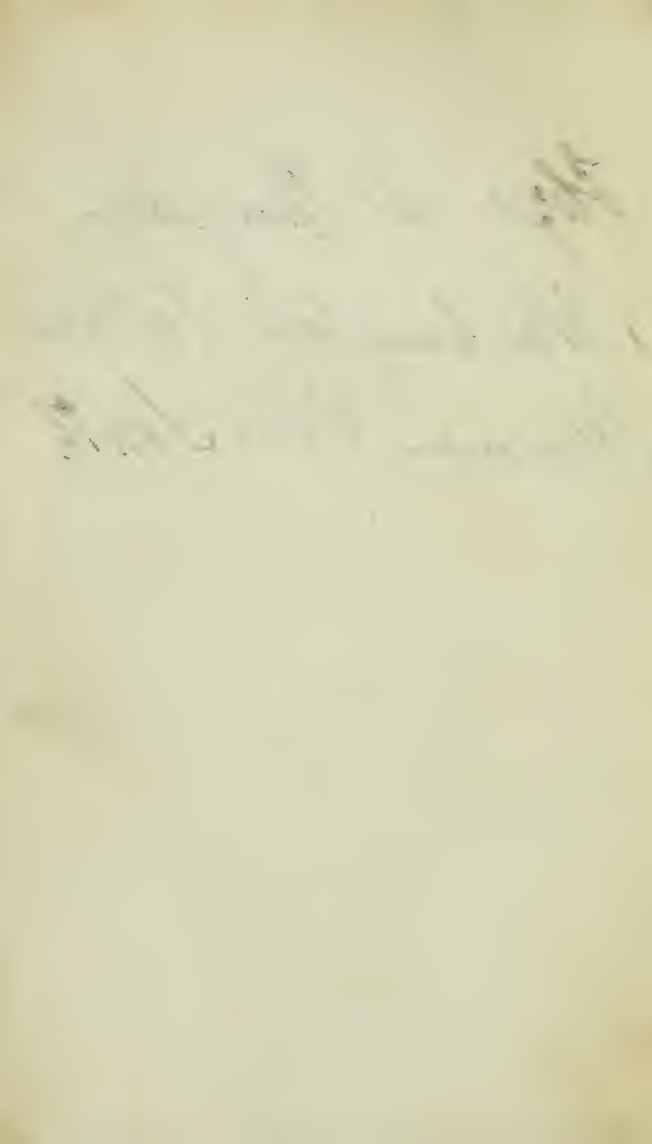
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ELIZABETH

BY

MADAME COTTIN

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS

FROM THE DESIGNS OF

RICH^d WESTALL, R.A.



R. Westall. del.

W. Finden sc.

*"Elizabeth adorn yourself with the flowers
of your native country"*

Page 13.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.

1822.

ELIZABETH;
OR,
THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

A Tale,
FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
MADAME COTTIN.

THE ORIGINAL TRANSLATION REVISED AND CORRECTED.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE,
PICCADILLY;
BY C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

M DCCC XXII.

PREFACE.

THE incident which gave rise to this history is founded in truth. No imagination, however fertile, could produce actions so heroic, or sentiments so noble and elevated.—The heart alone could inspire them.

The daughter who conceived the glorious design of delivering her parents from exile, and who carried this design into execution, in spite of the various and almost insurmountable obstacles which opposed her, is not the child of fiction, but of nature. She

really existed, nay, does still exist; and should my tale possess any of the powers of attraction, it will from this source be principally derived.

Authors have been frequently accused of representing the beauties of virtue with too bold a pencil, and in colours too vivid. Far am I, however, from presuming to insinuate, that this criticism is applicable to myself, who possess not the abilities requisite to attain this brilliant though creative talent; nor do I conceive that it is in the power of the most eloquent author, by all the studied embellishments and decorations of language, to add a single charm to the innate beauties of virtue; on the contrary, she is in herself so far superior to the ad-sititious aids of ornament, that it would rather appear impossible to describe her in all her native dignity and loveliness. This

is the chief difficulty I have experienced in writing Elizabeth.

The real heroine is far superior to mine, and has gone through more perils.—By bestowing a guide upon Elizabeth, and in terminating her journey at Moscow, I have considerably diminished her fatigue and danger, and consequently her merit. But there are many who are not sufficiently sensible how paramount is the duty to parents, and, therefore, know not to what extent this duty will instigate a child, at once affectionate and enterprising, when achieving the service and preservation of a beloved parent:—to such,—had I related the whole truth, my tale might have borne the appearance of exaggeration or improbability; and to them a recital of long fatigues, though unable to exhaust the courage and perse-

verance of a heroine of eighteen, might yet appear tedious and uninteresting.

The scene of the principal anecdote of this story is removed as far as Siberia ; yet, I must add, that it was unnecessary for me to extend my researches to so distant a region ; since every country affords traits of filial piety, and of mothers animated with the glow of parental tenderness.

ELIZABETH.

ON the banks of the Irtysh, which rises in Calmuck Tartary, and falls into the Oby, is situated Tobolsk¹, the capital of Siberia²; bounded on the north by forests eleven hundred versts³ in length, extending to the borders of the frozen ocean, and interspersed with rocky mountains, covered with perpetual snows. Around it are sterile plains, whose frozen sands have seldom received an impression from the human foot, and numerous frigid lakes, or rather stagnant marshes, whose icy streams never watered a meadow, nor opened to the sunbeam the beauties of a flower. On approaching nearer to the pole, these stately productions of nature, whose sheltering foliage

is so grateful to the weary traveller, totally disappear. Brambles, dwarf birches, and shrubs alone ornament this desolate spot; and, farther on, even these vanish, leaving nothing but swamps covered with a useless moss, and presenting, as it were, the last efforts of expiring nature. But still, amidst the horror and gloom of an eternal winter, nature displays some of her grandest spectacles:—the *aurora borealis*⁴ enclosing the horizon like a resplendent arch, emits columns of quivering light, and frequently offers to view sights which are unknown in a more southern hemisphere. South of Tobolsk is the province called Ischim⁵: plains strewed with the repositories of the dead, and divided by lakes of stagnant and unwholesome water, separate it from the Kirguis⁶, an idolatrous and wandering people. It is bounded on the left by the river Irtysh, and on the right by the Tobol⁷, the naked and barren shores of which present to the eye fragments of rocks promiscuously heaped together, with here and there a solitary fir-tree rearing its head. Beneath them, in a space formed by an angle of the river, is the small village of Saimka, about six hundred versts from Tobolsk: situated in the farthest extremity of the circle, in the

midst of a desert, its environs are as gloomy as the sombre light which illuminates the hemisphere, and as dreary as the climate.

The province of Ischim is nevertheless denominated the Italy of Siberia ; since it enjoys nearly four months of summer, though the winter is rigorous to an excess. The north winds which blow during that period are so incessant, and render the cold so piercing, that even in September the Tobol is paved with ice. A heavy snow falls upon the earth, and disappears not before the end of May ; but from the time that it begins to dissolve, the celerity with which the trees shoot forth their leaves, and the fields display their verdure, is almost incredible : three days is the short period that nature requires to bring her plants to maturity. The blossoms of the birch-tree exhale an odoriferous scent, and the wild flowers of the field decorate the ground ; flocks of various kinds of fowl play upon the surface of the lakes : the white crane plunges among the rushes of the solitary marsh to build her nest, which she plaits with reeds ; whilst the flying squirrels, in the woods, cutting the air with their bushy tails, hop from tree to tree, and nibble the buds of the

pinces, and the tender leaves of the birch. Thus the natives of these dreary regions experience a season of pleasure ; but the unhappy exiles who inhabit it—alas ! experience none.

Of these miserable beings the greatest part reside in the villages situated on the borders of the river, between Tobolsk and the extremest boundary of Ischim ; others are dispersed in cottages about the country. The government provides for some : but many are abandoned to the scanty subsistence they can procure from the chase during the winter season, and all are objects of general commiseration. Indeed the name they give to the exiles seems to have been dictated by the tenderest sympathy, as well as by a strong conviction of their innocence ; they call them “ Unfortunates.”

A few versts from Saimka, in the centre of a marshy forest, upon the border of a deep circular lake, surrounded with black poplars, resided one of these banished families, consisting of three persons—A man about five and forty, his wife, and a beautiful daughter in the bloom of youth.

Secluded in the desert, this little family were strangers to the intercourse with society: the father went alone to the chase; but neither had he, his wife, or his daughter ever been seen at Saimka; and, except one poor Tartarian peasant⁸, who waited on them, no human being had entered their dwelling. The Governor of Tobolsk only was informed of their birth, their country, and the cause of their banishment; and this secret he had not even confided to the lieutenant of his jurisdiction, who was established at Saimka. In committing these exiles to his care, the governor had merely given orders that they should be provided with a comfortable lodging, a garden, food, and raiment; and he had given to the lieutenant a positive charge to restrict them from all communication with any one, and particularly to intercept any letter they might attempt to convey to the court of Russia.

So much consideration, so much mystery, and such strict precaution excited a suspicion that, under the simple name of Peter Springer, the father of this family concealed a name more illustrious, and misfortunes of no common nature. Perhaps he had been guilty of some great crime;

or possibly he was a victim to the hatred and injustice of the Russian Ministers.

But every endeavour to discover the truth of these conjectures having proved ineffectual, curiosity was soon extinguished, and all interest in the fate of the new exiles died with it. Indeed they were so seldom seen that they were soon forgotten; and if, in pursuit of the chase, some straggling sportsman rambled towards the lake of the forest, and inquired the name of the inhabitants of the hut upon its borders, the only answer to be obtained was, that "they were Unfortunate Exiles;" and, on quitting the spot, a secret prayer that the Almighty would restore them to their country was the tribute of compassion generally bestowed.

Peter Springer had built their little cottage himself; it was of the wood of fir-trees, thatched with straw; detached masses of rocks defended it from the sweeping blasts of the north wind, and from the inundations of the lake. These rocks, formed of a soft peeling granite, in their exfoliation reflected the rays of the sun; mushrooms sprung from their crevices, some of a pale

pink, others of a saffron colour or of a grayish blue, like those which grow near the lake Baikal², announced the earliest days of spring; and, in those cavities where hurricanes had scattered loose earth, pines and service-trees buried their roots, and raised their tender foliage.

On the southern side of the lake, the forest consisted only of underwood, thinly scattered, and leaving open to view the uncultivated plains beyond, covered with burying places and monuments of the dead. Many of the tombs had been pillaged, and upon the earth had been strewed the bones, the only remains of a nation that would have been consigned to eternal oblivion, had not the gold and jewels buried with its people revealed to avarice its existence.

To the east of this extensive plain a little wooden chapel had been erected by the primitive Christians. On that side the tombs had been respected; and, under the cross which adorned it, no one had dared to profane the ashes of the dead. In these plains or steppes¹⁰ (the name they bear in Siberia) Peter Springer, during the long and severe winter of the northern climate,

spent his days in hunting. Sometimes he killed elks which feed on the leaves of the willow and poplar; sometimes he caught sables, but more frequently ermines, which are there very numerous. With the price that he obtained for their fur, he procured from Tobolsk different articles which contributed to the comfort of his wife, and the education of his daughter. The long winter evenings were devoted to the instruction of the young Elizabeth. Seated between her parents, she would read aloud some passage of history, while Springer directed her attention to those parts which could elevate and expand her mind, and Phedora, her mother, to all that could make it tender and compassionate. One of them pointed out to her the beauties of heroism and glory, the other all the charms of piety and benevolence. Her father reminded her of the dignity and sublimity of virtue, her mother of the support and consolation it affords: the first taught how highly to revere, the latter how carefully to cherish it. From these united instructions Elizabeth acquired a disposition at once heroic and gentle; uniting the courage and energy of the father to the angelic mildness of the mother. At once ardent and enterprising, as the ex-

alted ideas of honour could render her, docile and submissive as the blindest votary of love.

But as soon as the snow began to yield to the power of the sun, and a slight shade of verdure appeared upon the earth, the whole family was busily engaged in the culture of their garden. Springer turned up the earth, while Elizabeth sowed the seeds prepared by the industrious hand of Phedora. Their little enclosure was surrounded by plantations of alder, of white cornel¹¹, and a species of birch much esteemed in Siberia, its blossom being the only one that affords a fragrant smell. On the southern side of his plantation, Springer had built a sort of hothouse, in which he cultivated, with the greatest assiduity and care, various flowers unknown in that climate; when they were in full bloom, he would gather them, and, pressing them to his lips, ornament the brow of his daughter, saying, "Elizabeth, adorn yourself with the flowers of your native country, their fate resembles yours; like you they flourish in a foreign land. Oh! may your end be more fortunate than theirs!"

Except during these moments of emotion, he

was calm and silent on the subject of his misfortunes. For successive hours he would remain absorbed in the deepest thought, his eyes fixed upon the same object, and seated in the same spot. The caresses of his wife, and more especially those of his daughter, at these times, seemed rather to increase than to alleviate his misery. He would sometimes take her in his arms, and, pressing her to his bosom, would exclaim, presenting her to her mother, "Take her, Phedora! take our child! her fate and yours rend my heart! Ah! why did you follow me? Had you abandoned me to my own sufferings, had you not insisted upon partaking of them, perhaps, even in this desert, I could have been content, knowing that you and my child were living happy and respected in our native land!" The gentle Phedora seldom answered him but with tears; her looks, her words, her actions, all bore testimony to the tender and sincere affection by which she was attached to her husband. Separated from him, she could have known no happiness; nor did she so forcibly regret their exile from their country, or their fall from grandeur, when she reflected, that high dignities, places of trust and danger might have detained him at a

distance from her. In exile he never quitted her ; and therefore she could have almost rejoiced in Siberia, but for the grief she endured at seeing the affliction with which his soul was rent.

Although Phedora had passed the first season of youth, she was still beautiful. Devoted to her Creator, her husband, and her child, time had not hitherto effaced the charms that innocence and virtue had imprinted on her countenance. She seemed to have been created for love in its greatest purity ; and if such were her destiny, it had been fulfilled. Attentive to all the wishes of her husband, she watched his looks to discover what could contribute to his comfort or pleasure, that she might anticipate his wish before he had expressed it. She prepared their repasts herself. Order, neatness, and comfort was the characteristic of their little abode. The largest apartment served as a sleeping room for herself and Springer. It was warmed by a stove ; the walls were decorated with the drawings and work of Phedora and her daughter, and the windows were glazed—a luxury seldom enjoyed in this country, and for which they were indebted to the profit which Springer derived from the chase. Two

small rooms completed their habitation ; one was occupied by Elizabeth ; in the other, where the garden and kitchen utensils were kept, slept the Tartarian peasant, their only attendant.

Their days were spent in superintending their domestic concerns ; in making different articles of clothing out of the skins of the reindeer, which they dyed with a preparation from the bark of the birch, or lined with thick furs. But when Sunday arrived, Phedora secretly lamented that she was deprived from attending divine service, and spent great part of the day in prayer. Prostrate before the God of all consolation, she invoked him in behalf of the objects of her tenderness ; and if her piety daily increased, one of the principal causes was, that her ideas and her expressions became more eloquent, and better adapted to bestow that consolation which her husband so much required, in proportion as her soul became elevated by devotion.

The young Elizabeth, who knew no other country than the desolate one which she had inhabited from the age of four years, discovered beauties which nature bestows even upon these

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Elizabeth in search of the eggs of the hawk and white vulture

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DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL. R.A. ENGRAVED BY W. FINDEN:

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inhospitable climes ; and, innocence finding pleasure everywhere, she amused herself with climbing the rocks which bordered the lake, in search of the eggs of hawks and white vultures, that build their nests there during summer. Sometimes she caught wood pigeons to fill a little aviary, and at others angled for carassins¹², which move in shoals, whose purple shells, lying against one another, appear through the water like a sheet of fire covered with liquid silver. It never occurred to the happy days of her childhood that there could be a lot more fortunate than her own. Her health was established by the keen air she breathed; and exercise, in her light figure, united agility and strength. While her countenance, beaming with innocence and peace, each day seemed to disclose some new charm. Thus, far removed from the busy world and mankind, did this lovely girl improve in beauty, for the eyes only of her parents, to charm no heart but theirs; like the flower of the desert, which blooms before the sun, and arrays itself in not less brilliant colours, because it is destined to shine only in the presence of that luminary to which it is indebted for its existence.

The most fervent affections are those which are least divided. Thus Elizabeth, who knew no one except her parents (consequently could love none but them), loved them with a fervour that scarcely admitted of comparison. They were the protectors of her childhood, the partakers of her amusements, her only society. She knew nothing but what they had taught her: to them was she indebted for her talents, her knowledge, her studies, her recreations, and every thing; and feeling that, without them she could do nothing, enjoy nothing, she delighted in a dependence that was felt only through the medium of the benefits which resulted from it. When reason and reflection, however, succeeded to the carelessness of childhood, Elizabeth observed the tears of her mother, and perceived that her father was unhappy. She often entreated of them to tell her the cause, but could obtain no other answer than that they regretted being such a distance from their country. But with the name of that country, or the rank they held in it, they did not entrust her, fearing to excite a vain regret informing her of the elevated rank from which they had been precipitated. From the time

that Elizabeth discovered the affliction of her parents, her thoughts no longer flowed in the same channel as before, and the whole tenor of her life became changed. The innocent amusements she had so much enjoyed lost all their attractions. Her birds were neglected, and her flowers were forgotten: when she went down to the lake it was no longer to cast the bait, or to navigate her little canoe, but to meditate profoundly upon a scheme which had become the sole occupation of her mind. Sometimes seated upon a projecting rock, her eyes fixed upon the waters of the lake, she reflected upon the griefs of her parents, and on the means of alleviating them. They wept for their country. Elizabeth knew not where this country was situated; but that they were unhappy out of it was sufficient. All her thoughts were directed to devise some plan for restoring them to it. She would then raise her eyes to Heaven to implore that assistance which she could expect from thence only; and would remain buried in a reverie so profound that the snow, falling in large flakes, and driven with violence against her by the wind, could not disturb it. But, if her parents called, in an instant she would descend from the tops of the rocks, to re-

ceive the lessons of her father, or to assist her mother in her domestic avocations. But with them, or alone; whether engaged in reading, or occupied with her needle, one sole idea pursued her; one project held constant possession of her mind; this project she kept profoundly secret, resolved not to mention it till the moment of her departure should arrive.

Yes: she resolved to tear herself from the embraces of her parents—to proceed alone, on foot to Petersburg, and to implore of the Emperor pardon for her father. Such was the bold design which had presented itself to her imagination; such was the daring enterprise, the dangers of which could not daunt the heroic courage of a young and timid female. She beheld, in their strongest light, many of the impediments she must surmount, but her confidence in the Creator and the ardour of her wishes encouraged her; and she felt convinced that she could overcome them all. As her scheme, however, began to unfold itself, and she reflected upon the means of carrying it into execution, her ignorance could not fail to alarm her. She had never passed the boundaries of the forest she inhabited; how then

was she to find her way to Petersburg? how could she travel through countries inhabited by people who spoke a language unknown to her. She must subsist upon charity: to submit to this she recalled to her aid those precepts of humility which her mother had so carefully inculcated; but her father had so often spoken of the inflexibility of mankind that she dreaded being reduced to implore their compassion. Elizabeth was too well acquainted with the tenderness of her parents, to indulge the hope that they would facilitate her journey. It was not to them that she could, in this instance, have recourse. To whom then could she apply, in the desert where she lived? to whom address herself in a dwelling, the entrance to which was forbidden to every human being? Still she did not despair; the remembrance of an accident, to which her father had nearly fallen a victim, had engraven upon her mind the conviction that there is no place so desolate, in which Providence cannot hear the prayers of the unfortunate, and afford to them assistance.

Some years before, Springer had been delivered, by the intrepidity of a young stranger, from immi-

nent peril, upon one of the high rocks which form a boundary to the Tobol. This brave youth was the son of M. de Smoloff, the governor of Tobolsk. He came every winter to the plains of Ischim to kill elks and sables, and sometimes to hunt the bears of the Uralian mountains¹³, which are occasionally seen in the environs of Saimka. In this dangerous chase he had met Springer, and was the means of saving his life. From that period the name of Smoloff had never been mentioned in the abode of the exiles but with reverence and gratitude. Elizabeth and her mother felt the most lively regret at not knowing their benefactor, that they might offer to him their acknowledgments and benedictions; but to Heaven they daily offered them for him, and indulged the hope, at each return of the hunting season, that chance might lead him to their hut. They, however, expected in vain. Its entrance had been forbidden to him, as well as to every one else; and he lamented not the restriction, as he was yet ignorant of the treasure which this humble habitation enclosed.

Nevertheless, since Elizabeth had been thoroughly convinced of the difficulty of leaving

the desert without some human aid, her thoughts had frequently rested upon young Smoloff. Such a protector would have dissipated all her terrors, and might have vanquished all the obstacles that opposed her design. Who could be better calculated than he to give all the information she required, respecting her journey from Saimka to Petersburg? to instruct her in what method to get her petition delivered to the Emperor? and, should her flight irritate the governor, who could be better calculated than a son to soften his resentment, move his compassion, and save her parents from being made responsible for her transgression?

Thus did she reflect on all the advantages which were likely to result from such a support; and as winter drew near, she resolved not to let the hunting season pass away, without taking some steps to inform herself whether young Smoloff was in the country; and, if so, of seeking an opportunity to speak to him.

Springer had been so much affected by the terror of his wife and daughter, at the mere recital of the danger he had incurred, that he promised

never again to engage in the bear-hunt; nor to extend his walks beyond the plain, except in pursuit of squirrels or ermines. Notwithstanding this promise Phedora could not see him depart to a distance without terror; and she always continued till his return in a state of agitation and anxiety, as if his absence was the presage of some calamity.

A heavy fall of snow, congealed into a solid mass by an intense frost, had completely covered the surface of the earth, when, on a fine morning in the month of December, Springer took his gun, and prepared for the chase. Before his departure he embraced his wife and daughter, and promised to return before the close of day; but the hour had passed, night approached, and Springer arrived not. Since the adventure which threatened his life, this was the first time he had failed in the strictest punctuality, and the terror of Phedora was indescribable. Elizabeth, while she partook of it, sought every means to tranquillize her; she would have flown to seek and succour her father, but she had not resolution to leave her mother in the agony in which she beheld her.

At length, however, the delicate and timid Phedora, who, hitherto, had never ventured beyond the banks of the lake, roused to exertion by the violence of her agitation, resolved to accompany her daughter; intending, if she could find her husband, to incur any danger in offering him assistance. They proceeded together, through the underwood of the forest, towards the plain. The cold was intense, the firs appeared like trees of ice, their branches being hid under a thick covering of hoar frost. A mist obscured the horizon. Night's near approach gave to each object a still gloomier shade, and the ground, smooth as a glass, refused to support the steps of the trembling Phedora. Elizabeth, reared in this climate, and accustomed to brave the extremest severity of the weather, assisted her mother, and led her on. Thus a tree, transplanted from its native soil, languishes in a foreign land, while the young suckling, that springs from its root, habituated to the new climate, acquires strength, flourishes, and, in a few years, sustains the branches of the trunk that nourished it; protecting, by its friendly shade, the tree to which it is indebted for existence. Before Phedora had reached the plain her strength totally failed: "Rest here, my dear

mother," said Elizabeth, "and let me go alone to the edge of the forest. If we stay longer, the darkness of the night will prevent me from distinguishing my father in the plain." Phedora supported herself against a tree, while her daughter hastened forward; and in a few seconds she reached the plain. Some of the monuments with which it is interspersed are very high. Elizabeth climbed upon the most elevated of them: her heart was full of grief, and her eyes dim with tears. She gazed around in vain for her father: all was still and lonely; the obscurity of night began to render the search useless. Terror almost suspended her faculties, when the report of a gun revived her hopes. She had never heard this sound but from the hand of her father, and, to her, it appeared a certain indication that he was near. She rushed towards the spot whence the noise proceeded, and, behind a pile of rocks, discovered a man in a bending posture, apparently seeking for something upon the ground. "My father, my father, is it you?" she exclaimed. He turned hastily; it was not Springer. His countenance was youthful, and his air noble: at the sight of Elizabeth he stood amazed. "Oh! it is not my father," resumed she with anguish, "but perhaps you may have

seen him on the plain? Oh! can you tell me where to find him?"——"I know nothing of your father," replied the stranger; "but surely you ought not to be here alone at this unseasonable hour; you are exposed to great danger, and should not venture."——"Oh!" interrupted she, "I fear nothing but losing my father." As she spoke she raised her eyes to heaven: their expression revealed, at once, firmness in affliction, and dignity united with softness. They expressed the feelings of her soul, and seemed to foretell her future destiny. The stranger had never seen a person, nor had his imagination ever painted a vision, like Elizabeth: he almost believed himself in a dream. When the first emotion of surprise had subsided, he inquired the name of her father; "Peter Springer," she replied.—"How!" he exclaimed, "you are the daughter of the exile residing in a cottage by the lake! be comforted, I have seen your father. It is not an hour since he left me; he intended to make a circuit, and must be at home ere this."

Elizabeth listened no longer, but flew towards the spot where she had left her mother; and on her she called with a voice of joy, that the sound

might reanimate her before she could explain the cause: but Phedora was gone. The terrified Elizabeth made the forest resound with the names of her parents. A well known voice answered her from the side of the lake: she redoubled her speed, arrived at the hut, and found her father and mother at the door; their arms held forth to receive her. Mutual embraces were followed by mutual explanations. Each of them had returned home by a different road, but all were now united and happy. It was not till that moment that Elizabeth perceived the stranger had followed her. Springer immediately recognised him, and said, with profound regret, "M. de Smoloff, it is very late; but alas! you know I am not permitted to offer you an asylum even for a single night."—"M. de Smoloff!" exclaimed Elizabeth and her mother, "our deliverer! is it indeed he whom we behold?" They fell at his feet; and, while Phedora, unable to express her acknowledgments, bathed them with her tears, Elizabeth thus addressed him: "M. de Smoloff, three years have now elapsed since you saved my father's life: during that period not a day has passed on which our fervent prayers have not been offered up to the Almighty to beseech him to reward and bless you."—

“Your prayers then have been heard,” answered Smoloff, with the most lively emotion, “since he has deigned to guide my footsteps to this blessed abode; the little good I did deserved not such a reward.”

It was now night, profound darkness covered the forest. A return to Saimka, at this hour, would be attended with danger, and Springer knew not how to refuse the rights of hospitality to his deliverer; but he had pledged his honour to the governor of Tobolsk not to receive any one under his roof, and to fail in his word, solemnly given, was a dreadful alternative. He proposed therefore to accompany the youth to Saimka. “I will take a torch,” said he; “I am well acquainted with every turn of the forest, and with all those places which we must avoid, and fear not to conduct you safely.” The terrified Phedora rushed forward to prevent him; and Smoloff, addressing him respectfully, “Permit me, Sir,” said he, “to solicit a shelter in your cottage till break of day. I know what are my father’s injunctions, and the motives which compel him to show you so much severity; but I am certain that he would authorize me, on this occasion, to release you from your

promise, and I will engage to return shortly and thank you, in his name, for the asylum you will have granted me." Springer overcame his scruples: he took the young man by the hand, conducted him into his cottage, and, placing him near the stove, seated himself by his side, while Phedora and her daughter prepared their repast.

Elizabeth was dressed, according to the costume of the peasants of Tartary, in trowsers made of the skin of the rein-deer, and a short petticoat of crimson stuff, looped up; while her hair, in graceful ringlets, almost reached the ground. A close vest, buttoned at the side, displayed, to advantage, the elegance of her form, and her sleeves, turned back above the elbow, discovered her beautiful shaped arm. The simplicity of her dress seemed to enhance the mild dignity of her manners, and all her gestures were accompanied with a grace, which did not escape the observation of Smoloff, who, as he watched her, experienced an emotion to which he had before been a stranger. Elizabeth beheld him with equal delight, but it was a delight, pure as her mind; founded on the gratitude she owed him, and on the hope of his assistance, which she had so long

indulged. That power who dives into the inmost recesses of the heart, beheld not in the heart of Elizabeth a single thought which had not, for its object, the happiness of her parents; for to them, exclusively of every other earthly attachment, was it devoted.

During supper young Smoloff stated that he had been three days at Sainika, where he had learned that a great number of wolves infested the neighbourhood; and that it was in contemplation, in the course of a few days, to commence a general chase, for the purpose of destroying them. At this intelligence Phedora changed colour; "I hope," said she, addressing herself to her husband, "that you will not join in this dangerous diversion; Oh! do not expose your life, the greatest of my blessings."—"Alas Phedora! what is it you say?" exclaimed Springer, with a sensation of grief which he could not repress, "Of what value is my life? Were I gone, would it be any longer your destiny to remain in this desolate place? Do you not know what would restore liberty to yourself and to our child? Do you not know?"—Phedora interrupted him with an exclamation expressive of the anguish of her

soul; Elizabeth rose from her seat, and, drawing near her father, seized his hand; "My dear father," said she, "you know that, reared in this forest, I am ignorant of every other country. With you, my mother and myself are happy; in losing you, our happiness would be lost. I answer for her, as for myself: without you we could not be happy in any situation of the globe; not even in that country which you so much regret."—"Possibly, M. de Smoloff," resumed Springer after a short pause, "you may think these words should bring me comfort; on the contrary, they plunge the poniard of grief still deeper in my bosom. That virtue, which should be my delight, creates new pangs, when I reflect that it will, for ever, be concealed in this desert, a sacrifice to me. My Elizabeth will never be known, will never meet with the admiration, and the love which are so justly her due." Elizabeth hastily interrupted him: "Oh my father! placed between my mother and you, can you tell me I am not loved?" Springer, unable to moderate his affliction, continued thus—"Never will you enjoy that happiness which I receive from you; never will you hear the voice of a beloved child addressing you in angelic words of consolation. Your life will be spent without a

companion, without any of the tender, the endearing ties of life, like a solitary bird wandering in a desert. Innocent victim ! you know not the blessings from which you are debarred ; but I, who no longer possess the power of bestowing them upon you, I know and feel—I deeply feel their value !”

During this scene, young Smoloff had, in vain, endeavoured to repress his tears ; they had fallen more than once. He had attempted to speak, but his voice refused utterance ; at last, after a pause of some minutes, “ Sir,” said he, “ from the melancholy office which my father holds, you must be well aware that I am not a stranger to the sight of distress. Often have I traveled through the different districts under his extensive jurisdiction. What lamentations have I heard ! what solitary wretchedness have I witnessed. In the deserts of Berisow¹⁴, upon the borders of the Frozen Sea, I have seen men who possessed not, in the wide world, a single friend ; who never received a caress, nor heard the soothing language of consolation. Insulated and separated from all mankind, they were not merely banished ; their misery admitted of no alleviation.”—“ And, when Heaven has

spared you and my child," interrupted Phedora, and addressing her husband, in an accent of tender reproach, "should you complain so bitterly? Had she been taken from you, what would you have done?" Springer shuddered at the idea. He seized the hands of his daughter and his wife, and, pressing them to his heart, he exclaimed tenderly, "Oh! Heaven be my witness, how strongly do I feel that I am not deprived of every blessing."

As soon as the morning dawned young Smoloff took his leave of the exiles. Elizabeth, with regret, saw him depart, for she was impatient to reveal her project to him, and to implore his assistance. Not a moment's opportunity had presented itself for her to speak to him in private. Her parents had never quitted the apartment, and she could not address him unobserved in their presence. She hoped, however, as she should see him often, to be more fortunate another time; and therefore, as he took leave, she said, in the most anxious manner, "Will you not come again, M. de Smoloff? Ah! promise me, that this is not to be the last time I am to see the deliverer of my father."

Springer was surprised at the earnestness of her address, and felt somewhat uneasy. He reflected on the orders of the governor, and resolved not to disobey them a second time. Smoloff replied to Elizabeth's request, that he was certain of obtaining, from his father, an exception in his favour; and that he would go that very day to solicit it. "But, Sir," said he to Springer, "when I am asking this favour for myself, can I not deliver any message from you? Is there any favour that you may also require at his hands?"—"No, sir," answered Springer, with unusual gravity, "I have no request to trouble you with." His guest looked down dejected; then, addressing himself to Phedora, he repeated his question in nearly the same terms. "Sir," she replied, "I should be glad if the governor would allow myself and my daughter to go to Saimka, on Sundays, to hear mass." Smoloff undertook to obtain this permission, and departed with the benedictions of the whole family, and with the secret wishes of Elizabeth for his speedy return.

During his walk back to Saimka, Smoloff could think only of her. His imagination had been forcibly struck at her first appearance in the de-

sert; and his heart had been deeply interested in the scene which he had afterwards witnessed between her and her parents. He recalled to his memory every word she had uttered; her looks, her manner: and his mind dwelt particularly upon the last words he had heard her utter. Without this last address, a sort of respect, approaching to veneration, would perhaps have deterred him from presuming to love her; but the eagerness with which Elizabeth had expressed a desire to see him again, and the tender sentiment by which her request had been accompanied, could not fail to excite in his mind a suspicion that she had been actuated by feelings similar to his own. His ardent and youthful imagination dwelt upon the thought, and persuaded him that fate, not chance, had brought about the adventure of the preceding evening, and that a mutual sympathy now existed between them. He was impatient to read, in the innocent heart of Elizabeth, the confirmation of his hopes. Ah! how far was he from imagining the sentiments that he was destined, on a future day, to discover there.

After Smoloff's visit to the hut, Springer's melancholy seemed to have increased. He reflected

upon the generosity, the intrepidity, the gentleness of character which this young man appeared to possess; and it was ever present to his mind, that such was the companion he would have chosen for his daughter. Her situation, however, prevented him from dwelling on the idea; and, far from being desirous of seeing Smoloff again, he dreaded his return; for it would have been an affliction infinitely more insupportable than any he had yet experienced, to see his child the victim of hopeless love.

One evening, while plunged in deep dejection, his head supported by his hand, his elbow resting on his knee, he heaved a deep sigh. Phedora dropped her needle, and, fixing her eyes upon her husband, with an expression of the most heartfelt commiseration, she implored Heaven to enable her to banish his vain regret, and to pour the balm of consolation into his wounded soul.

Elizabeth, from a distant corner of the room, observed them both, and felt a secret joy, as she reflected that a day might possibly come, when she should be able to restore them to their former happiness; not doubting that Smoloff would en-

courage and facilitate her enterprise. A secret instinct assured her that he would be moved by it, and would assist her; but she feared the refusal of her parents, and particularly that of her mother. Nevertheless, to depart without their knowledge would be repugnant to her feelings, nay, would be impossible, as she knew not the name of their country, nor the nature of the offence for which she was to supplicate forgiveness of the Emperor. It was necessary therefore to discover to them her intention, and the present seemed to be a fit moment for the disclosure. Therefore bending one knee to the ground, she fervently implored aid from the Almighty, and that he would incline her parents to grant her suit. Then, approaching her father, she stood behind him, leaning upon the back of the chair on which he was seated. For some moments she remained silent, in the hope that he would perceive and speak to her; but he continued in the same dejected attitude, and she broke the silence thus: "Will you permit me, my father, to ask you a question?" He raised his head, and made a sign that she might proceed. "When M. de Smoloff inquired the other day, if you wished for any thing, you answered no. Is it true that there

is nothing you wish for?"—" Nothing that he could procure me."—" And who then could grant your wish?"—" The hand of justice."—" Where, my father, is justice to be found?"—" In Heaven, my child; but if you mean upon earth,—no where." As he ceased speaking, a deeper gloom overcast his brow, and he resumed his melancholy attitude.

After a short pause Elizabeth again ventured to speak: " My dearest parents," said she, in a tone of excessive animation, " hear me; I have this day completed my seventeenth year. This was the day on which I received from you a being, that will be valuable indeed in my estimation, if to you I am allowed to devote it: to you whom my soul reveres and cherishes, as the living images of my Creator. From the time of my birth, not a day has passed unmarked by your benefits, unendeared by tokens of your love. Hitherto, the only return in my power to make has been gratitude and tenderness: but what avails gratitude if it be not shown? what avails tenderness if I cannot prove it?—Oh! my beloved parents, forgive the presumption of your child; once in her life she would do for

you what, from the hour of her birth, you have so unceasingly done for her. Condescend then to entrust her with the secret of your misfortunes.”—“ My child, what wouldst thou ask ?” interrupted her father.—“ That you would inform me of as much as it is needful for me to know, to be able to prove the extent of my regard for you : Heaven bear testimony to the motive which induces me to make this request.” As she uttered these words, she fell on her knees before her father, and raised her eyes towards him, with a look of the most moving supplication. An expression so noble shone through the tears that overflowed her countenance, and the heroism of her soul reflected an air so angelic over the humility of her attitude, that a suspicion of her project instantaneously darted across the mind of Springer. Unable to shed a tear, or to breathe a sigh, he remained silent, motionless, struck with a sort of awe like that which the presence of an angel might have inspired. No circumstance attending his misfortunes had ever had the power to move his soul to such a degree as the words that Elizabeth had uttered ; and his firm spirit, which even regal dignity had not been able to intimidate, was subdued by the voice

of his child, and he attempted in vain to strive against the emotions that overpowered it.

While Springer remained silent, Elizabeth continued kneeling before him. Her mother approached to raise her. Phedora had not observed the motion or the look which had revealed to Springer the secret of his daughter's heart; and she was still far from imagining the trial with which her tenderness was threatened. "Why," said she, "why do you hesitate to confide in your child the history of our misfortunes? Is it her youth that prevents you? Can you fear that the soul of Elizabeth will suffer itself to be weakly depressed by the knowledge of our reverse of fortune?"

"No," replied Springer, looking stedfastly on his daughter, "no, it is not weakness that I apprehend from her." From these words, and from the expressive look which accompanied them, Elizabeth saw that her father had understood her. She pressed his hand in silence, that he alone might comprehend her meaning, for she knew the heart of her mother, and was glad to retard the

moment in which it must be afflicted. "Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Springer, "forgive me that I have dared to repine. I regretted the blessings of which I was deprived, but I knew not those thou hadst in store for me. Elizabeth, in this one happy day, you have made me ample amends for twelve years of suffering."—"My father," she replied, "say not again there is no real happiness on earth, when the child of such a parent can be blessed with hearing words like these. But, speak—tell me, I conjure you, your name, that of your country, and the cause of your unhappiness."—"Unhappiness! I am unhappy no longer: my country is wherever I can live with my daughter. The name in which I place my greatest glory is that of the father of Elizabeth."—"Oh, my child!" interrupted Phedora, "I did not think the tenderness I bore you could admit of increase; but you have afforded consolation to your father."

At these words Springer's firmness was entirely subdued. He burst into tears, and, pressing his wife and daughter to his heart, repeated in a voice broken with sobs, "Pardon, O Most High!

pardon an ungrateful being, who presumed to murmur at thy decrees ; and O God ! withhold the chastisements which his temerity has deserved."

When these violent emotions had subsided, Springer said to his daughter, " My child, I give you my word that I will inform you of every particular which you wish to know ; but you must wait some days. I cannot speak of my sufferings at the moment: you have taught me to forget them."

The obedient Elizabeth ventured not to press him further, determining to wait, with deference, till he should feel inclined to give the information he had promised. But she waited for that moment in vain ; Springer appeared to dread it, and to avoid her. He had guessed her intention ; and, though no language could express the gratitude and admiration of this fond parent, his tenderness would not permit him to grant the consent which he knew she would entreat ; nor did he consider himself absolutely authorized to refuse it. This was indeed the only resource from which he might hope to be reestablished in his rights, and to replace Elizabeth in the rank to which she

was born ; but, when he reflected on the fatigues she must undergo, and on the dangers she must incur, the idea was insupportable. Willingly would he have sacrificed his own life to reinstate his family in their rank and possessions, but to risk that of his daughter in such an attempt, was a trial to which he felt his courage was unequal.

The silence of her father taught Elizabeth the line of conduct she ought to pursue. She was certain that he had penetrated into her design, for he was more deeply affected than she had ever seen him ; but, if he had approved of it, would he, with so much precaution, have avoided speaking to her upon the subject ? Indeed, when she deliberately considered her scheme, it seemed, even to herself, so impracticable, that she feared her parents would only regard it as the effusion of filial enthusiasm. In order, therefore, to place her project in a point of view more favourable to its execution, she must represent it divested of some of the greater obstacles by which it was opposed, and, with this view, it was requisite to solicit the advice and assistance of Smoloff. Determining, therefore, to maintain silence upon the subject, and not to disclose the secret

entirely to her parents, till she had conversed with him, she waited impatiently for his return.

Elizabeth foresaw that one of the strongest reasons that would withhold the consent of her parents, would be the difficulty of her undertaking to travel eight hundred leagues on foot, in the severest climate of the earth. To lessen this difficulty as much as possible, and to prepare herself for hardship and fatigue, she exercised her strength daily in the plains of Ischim. Whether the snow, drifted by the wind, beat against her with a violence that opposed her passage, or a thick mist concealed, almost, the path before her, she relinquished not her resolution, sometimes, in contradiction even to the wishes of her parents; thus, by degrees, accustoming herself to endure the inclemency of weather and their disapprobation.

Siberia, in winter, is subject to sudden storms. Often, during this season, when the sky appears serene, dreadful hurricanes arise instantaneously, and obscure the atmosphere. They are impelled from the opposite sides of the horizon; and, when they meet, the strongest trees in vain oppose their

violence. In vain the pliant birch bends to the ground; its flexible branches with their trembling leaves are broken and dispersed. The snow rolls from the tops of the mountains, carrying with it enormous masses of ice, which break against the points of the rocks: these break in their turn; and the wind, carrying away the fragments, together with those of the falling huts, in which the terrified animals have in vain sought shelter, whirls them aloft in the air, and, dashing them back to the earth, strews the ground with the ruins of every production of nature.

One morning, in the month of January, Elizabeth was overtaken by one of these terrible storms. She was in the plain, near the little chapel; and, as soon as the sudden darkness of the sky announced the approaching tempest, she sought shelter under its venerable roof. The furious wind soon attacked this feeble edifice, and, shaking it to its foundation, threatened every instant to level it with the ground. Elizabeth, prostrate before the altar, was insensible to fear. The storm she had heard destroying all around her, excited in her breast no sensation but that of a reverential awe, caused by a natural reflec-

tion on the Omnipotent Being from whose hand it came. As her life might be serviceable to her parents, she felt assured that Heaven would, for their sake, watch over and guard it, till she had delivered them from suffering. This sentiment, approaching almost to superstition, created by the fervour of her filial piety, inspired Elizabeth with a tranquillity so perfect, that, in the midst of warring elements, with the thunderbolts of Heaven falling around her, she yielded calmly to the heaviness which oppressed her, and, lying down at the foot of the altar, before which she had been offering up her prayers, she fell into a slumber, secure and peaceful as that of innocence reposing on the bosom of a father.

On this very day Smoloff had returned from Tobolsk. After his arrival at Saimka he hastily proceeded to the cottage of the exiles. He brought the permission which Phedora had solicited. Her daughter and herself were allowed to attend divine service at Saimka every Sunday; but, so far from any indulgence being extended to Springer, the orders of the court respecting him were more strict than ever. And, in allowing young Smoloff to see him once more, the Governor of Tobolsk

had consulted his feelings rather than his duty; but this visit was to be the last: of this his father had exacted a solemn promise. Smoloff was grieved to the soul at so much severity; but, as he drew near the dwelling of Elizabeth, his melancholy dispersed. He thought less of the pain of taking leave, under the cruel restriction imposed upon him by his father, than of the delight he should experience from seeing her again.

In the first ardent pursuit of the youthful mind, the enjoyment of the present felicity is so animated, so complete, that it obliterates all idea of the future, and engrosses the soul so entirely that no room is left for the anticipation of future distress. Happiness is a sensation too ardently felt by youth to suffer them to waste a thought upon the instability of its duration. But when, on entering the cottage, Smoloff looked around for Elizabeth in vain, and reflected that he might not be able to prolong his visit until her return, his disappointment was too apparent to escape the most superficial observation. In vain did Phedora address him in the most affecting terms of gratitude, blessing the hand which had reopened for her the house of

God, and had preserved the life of her beloved husband. In vain did Springer call him the protector, the comforter of the afflicted. He appeared almost insensible to their discourse, and, in the little that he spoke, the name of Elizabeth every instant escaped his lips. His evident embarrassment betrayed the emotions of his heart; and the disclosure rendered him the dearer to that of Phedora. His love for her daughter flattered her pride; and surely no mother had more reason to be proud of a child.

Springer was not less sensible of the merit of his daughter, but fearing she would discover the visible partiality of the young man, which might disturb her peace, he reminded Smoloff of the obedience that was due to his father; thereby hoping to terminate a visit which, by divers pretences, the youth had sought to prolong. It was, at this period, that the storm arose; and the parents trembled for the safety of their child. "Elizabeth! What will become of my Elizabeth?" exclaimed the agonized mother. Springer took his stick in silence, and went to seek his daughter; Smoloff rushed after him.

The tempest raged with terrific violence on every side; the trees were torn up by the roots, and any attempt to cross the forest would be attended with imminent danger. Springer remonstrated with Smoloff, and endeavoured, but in vain, to deter him from following. Smoloff saw all the danger, but he saw it with secret satisfaction; he was happy to brave it for Elizabeth, as it might afford him opportunity of giving proof to her of an affection, which he would scarcely have dared to declare to her by any other means.

They proceeded till they reached the middle of the forest. "On which side shall we turn?" asked Smoloff.—"Let us proceed towards the plain," Springer replied, "she walks there every day, and has probably taken shelter in the chapel." They said no more, but proceeded intrepidly on. Stooping to shelter themselves from the blows of the broken boughs, and from the fragments of rock which the wind whirled over their heads, they walked forward as fast as the snow, which beat in their faces, would permit.

On reaching the plain, the danger with which they had been menaced from the breaking of the

ELIZABETH.



Elizabeth discovered sleeping at the altar.

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DRAWN BY RICHARD WILFALL R.A. ENGRAVED BY T. CORBOULD.

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trees ceased; but, in this exposed situation, they were sometimes driven backward, and at others thrown down by the violence of the tempest. At length they reached the chapel, in which they hoped Elizabeth had sought a refuge. But when they beheld this precarious shelter, the walls of which consisted only of slightly joined planks, that creaked in the wind and seemed ready every instant to fall, they began to shudder lest she might be within them. Animated with indescribable ardour, Smoloff rushed into the chapel, and, to his astonishment, beheld Elizabeth, not terrified, pale, and trembling, but in a peaceful sleep before the altar. Struck with unutterable surprise, he stops, points out to Springer the cause of his amazement; and, impelled by similar sentiments of veneration, they fall on their knees by the side of the angel, sleeping under the protection of Heaven. The father bent over his child, while Smoloff, casting down his eyes, retired some steps, not presuming to approach too near to such supreme innocence.

Elizabeth awoke, beheld her father, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Ah! I knew you watched over me." Springer pressed

her to his heart. "My child," said he, "into what agonies have you thrown your mother and me!"—"Oh, my father! pardon me for causing those tears," answered Elizabeth, "let us hasten to relieve the terrors of my mother." In rising she perceived Smoloff. "Ah!" said she, in gentle accents of pleasure and surprise, "all my protectors have then been watching over me: Heaven, my father, and you." It was not without extreme difficulty that the young man could repress the emotions of his heart.

Springer resumed. "My dear child," said he, "you speak of rejoining your mother, but do you know whether it will be possible to do so! whether you will be able to resist the violence of a tempest which M. de Smoloff and myself have escaped only by a miracle."—"I will try," answered she; "my strength is greater than you imagine; and I rejoice in an opportunity which enables me to show you how much it is capable of performing, when the consolation of my mother calls forth its exertion."

As she spake, unwonted courage beamed in

her eyes; and Springer believed that he could depend upon her exertions. She rested on her father and Smoloff, who jointly supported her, and sheltered her head with their wide mantles. How much did Smoloff rejoice in that boisterous wind which obliged Elizabeth to trust to him for support! He thought not of his own life, which he would gladly have exposed a thousand times, to prolong those moments. He feared not even for the life of Elizabeth, which, in the ecstasy that possessed him, he would have defied the elements combined, to hinder him from preserving.

The sky now began to resume its serenity, the clouds dispersed, and the wind, by degrees, ceased. Springer recovered his spirits, but those of Smoloff were depressed. Elizabeth withdrew her arm, and chose to walk on unassisted, for she was desirous of braving, before her father, the remainder of the storm. She was proud of her strength, and was eager to display, before him, a proof of it; with the hope of convincing him that it would not fail, when she should undertake to obtain his pardon from the Emperor, were it necessary to

go to the remotest extremity of the earth to seek it.

Phedora received them all with transports of joy, and fervently thanked Heaven for having restored them to her. She was delighted in again receiving her daughter; dried her dripping garments, and, taking off her fur bonnet, smoothed her long hair. For maternal cares, like these, which Elizabeth received daily from the hands of her mother, her affectionate heart became every day more grateful. Young Smoloff was affected at witnessing them; and felt that the happiness he should experience in becoming the husband of Elizabeth, would be much increased by being also the son of the amiable Phedora.

The storm had now entirely subsided, and night had begun to spread its dark shade over the cloudless sky. Springer pressed the hand of his guest, and, with a mixed sensation of sorrow and of tenderness, reminded him that it was time to depart. Elizabeth then learned for the first time, that he was come to take a farewell.—The colour forsook her cheeks at the intelligence,

and her embarrassment became visible. "What," said she to him, "shall I never see you again?"—"Oh, yes!" replied he, eagerly, "as long as you inhabit these deserts, and I am free, I will not quit Saimka. I shall see you at church whenever you come, and I shall see you on the plain, upon the banks of the lake, whenever this happiness is allowed me." He suddenly stopped, astonished at his own feelings, and at what he had uttered; but Elizabeth did not understand him. In all he had said she only remarked the certainty of their meeting again, and that she should be able to consult him respecting her enterprise. Comforted by these hopes, she took leave of him with less regret.

When Sunday arrived, Elizabeth and her mother, after an early breakfast, set out for Saimka. Springer bade them adieu with a feeling of regret, as this was the first time, since his exile, that he had remained alone in the cottage. But he concealed his sensations, and blessed them with composure, recommending them to the protection of the Supreme Being whom they were going to invoke. The weather was fine; the Tartarian peasant served them as a guide through

the forest of Saimka ; its distance appeared short. On entering the church every eye was turned towards them ; but theirs were reverently cast down, while their hearts were fixed upon God alone. They advanced to the altar, and, bending before it, offered their sincere supplications for the same object ; and if those of Elizabeth were more comprehensive than the supplication of Phedora, the beneficent Being who knew their hearts heard them with equal indulgence.

During the time the ceremony lasted Elizabeth did not remove the veil which concealed her face. Her thoughts were so entirely engrossed by her Creator and her parents, that they did not extend even to him from whom she hoped for protection. The pious concert of voices which chanted the sacred hymns made an impression on her senses which approached to ecstasy. Her imagination painted the heavens opening, and the Almighty himself presenting an angel to conduct her on her journey. This imaginary vision lasted as long as the music vibrated upon her delighted ear. When that ceased, she raised her head, and the first object that presented itself to her view was young Smoloff, leaning against one of

the pillars, at a little distance, with his eyes fixed intently upon her. He appeared to her to be the angel that God had presented: the guardian angel who was to assist her in the deliverance of her father. Her eyes beamed with confidence and with gratitude. Smoloff was moved by their expression: it seemed to be in unison with what passed in his mind; for he also felt grateful for the happiness he enjoyed in again beholding her, and in believing himself beloved.

On leaving the church he proposed to conduct Phedora and Elizabeth in his sledge to the entrance of the forest. Phedora consented with pleasure, as she would thereby be the sooner able to rejoin her beloved husband. But Elizabeth was disappointed by this arrangement. She had flattered herself that, in the course of a walk, some opportunity might have occurred of speaking to Smoloff in private. In a carriage this would be impossible. She could not speak on the subject before her mother, who, as yet was wholly ignorant of her design, and would, on its first disclosure, reject it with terror, and forbid him to afford her any assistance. Yet it appeared to Elizabeth, that she ought not to lose such an

opportunity of mentioning her scheme to him, as, possibly, none equally favourable might ever occur again. Thus was her mind agitated and perplexed, when the sledge had already passed the border of the forest, to which Smoloff had proposed to drive them. But, wanting resolution to leave Elizabeth, he went on till they reached the banks of the lake. There he was obliged to stop. Phedora descended first, and, taking his hand, said, "Will you not sometimes walk this way?" Elizabeth, who followed her mother, whispered, in a faltering tone—"No, not this way, but to the little chapel on the plain, to-morrow." Thus did she innocently appoint a meeting, without thinking of the interpretation that Smoloff might give to her words. She fancied that she had spoken only of her father; and on seeing, in Smoloff's countenance, that her request had been heard, and would be granted, hers brightened with joy.

While Phedora and her daughter walked towards their dwelling, Smoloff, entranced with delight, returned alone across the forest. He could no longer doubt that Elizabeth loved him. And, with the knowledge he had of her, the certainty

of this excited in his breast the most lively emotions of joy? He had never beheld beauty equal to hers: he had lately seen her, in the presence of her Maker, the image of piety and of innocence; he had also seen repeated proofs of the tenderness of her heart, in her conduct towards her parents; and how could a heart so tender fail of being induced to love the man to whom a father's life was owing. Ingenuous and candid, from her education in the midst of a desert, how should she have acquired the art of concealing her sentiments? Yet he felt astonished at her wishing to see him unknown to her parents; but he easily found excuses for an indiscretion which he dared to attribute to excess of love.

It was not with the embarrassment which is generally attendant on stolen meetings of this nature, but with all the security of unsuspecting innocence that Elizabeth repaired, on the following morning, to the chapel. Her steps were lighter, and her pace was swifter than usual; for she considered that what she was doing was the first movement she had made towards the liberation of her father. The sun shone with splendour on the snowy plains; and thousands

of icicles, hanging suspended from the branches of the trees, reflected its bright image in various forms of beauty and grandeur; but this lustre, so brilliant and clear, was less pure, and less noble than the soul of Elizabeth. She entered the chapel. Smoloff was not there; his delay disturbed her; a slight gloom overspread her countenance. It was not caused by disappointed vanity, nor even by neglected love. No passion, no foible could at this moment have found a place in her heart; but she dreaded lest some accident or unforeseen circumstance might have prevented the arrival of him whom she so anxiously expected. With fervency she implored of the Almighty not to prolong the perplexity she endured. During her supplication Smoloff entered: he was astonished to find her there before him, who had hastened upon the wings of love.

The passions of the human heart are swift in search of their gratification; but Elizabeth this day afforded a proof that virtue, in the performance of its duty, was still swifter.

On seeing Smoloff, she raised her hands to Heaven in token of gratitude; then turning to-

wards him with a graceful and expressive motion, "Ab! M. de Smoloff," said she, "how impatiently have I waited for you!" These words, the expression of her countenance, the exactness with which she had kept the appointment; all tended to confirm the delighted youth in the supposition that he was beloved. He was on the point of declaring to her the fervour by which he was animated; but she did not give him time: "Listen to me, M. de Smoloff," said she, "I have sought this opportunity of seeing you, that I might implore your assistance in an attempt to restore liberty to my father. Will you promise me your aid and counsel?" These few words completely overturned all the ideas that Smoloff had entertained. Distressed, embarrassed, he perceived his error; but it did not diminish his love for Elizabeth. He knelt: she imagined that it was before God; but it was to her that this mark of veneration was paid, and he solemnly declared that he would perform every thing she required.

She resumed her discourse: "Since the dawn of reason enlightened my soul, my parents have been the sole objects of my thoughts; their love

has been my greatest blessing, and to contribute to their happiness is my only wish. They are miserable. Heaven calls me to their relief, and has led you to this spot to aid me in fulfilling my destiny. My design is to proceed to Petersburg, to solicit my father's pardon." Smoloff, overwhelmed with astonishment, indicated, by his gestures, that the project appeared, to him, utterly impracticable: but she, hastily, continued, "I cannot tell how long this design has held possession of my mind. It seems to me that I received it with my existence: it is the first that I remember, and it has never quitted me. In my sleeping, as in my waking moments, it pursues me. It is this idea that has always occupied me when with you; and it was this which induced me to request to see you here, as it has inspired me with courage sufficient to dread neither fatigue, nor poverty, nor opposition, nor death. Indeed, so bent I am upon leaving Siberia, that I should feel inclined to disobey my parents, were they to refuse their consent. You see, M. de Smoloff, that it would be in vain to remonstrate with me: my resolution is not to be shaken."

During this address, all the flattering hopes

that Smoloff had entertained completely vanished; but his admiration soared far beyond the powers of description. Such heroism in a female, and in one so young, exceeded any thing that he had ever imagined; and his tears, which flowed unrestrained, were caused by a sensation scarcely less delightful than the transports of requited love. "Happy," said he, "happy, far beyond desert, do I esteem myself, in thus being selected as your guide and counsellor; but you are not aware of the various obstacles"—"Two only have discouraged me," interrupted she; "and perhaps no one could remove them so effectually as you."—"Speak," said he, impatient to obey: "what is there you can ask which I will not willingly perform?"—"The obstacles," answered Elizabeth, "are these: I am a stranger to the road, and my flight may injure my father. On you I rely for instruction in every thing that regards my journey—the towns I am to pass through; the houses founded for the accommodation of indigent travellers, on the hospitality of which I may depend for relief; and the mode in which I may get my petition presented to the Emperor. But first, you must pledge yourself that your father will not punish mine for the offence of his child."—"Elizabeth," said he, "do

you know to what excess the Emperor is prepossessed against your father? Do you know that he regards him as his most inveterate enemy?"——" I am ignorant," she replied, " of what crime my father is accused, I know not even his real name, nor that of his country; but I am convinced of his innocence."——" How," said Smoloff, " You know not the rank your father held, nor the name by which you must speak of him?"——" Neither," answered she.——" Astonishing!" he exclaimed, " That neither pride nor ambition should have had any share in suggesting an enterprise to which your whole soul is devoted? You know not the honours you would regain; you think only of your parents. But what is grandeur of birth to a soul like yours! What, to the sentiments which inspire it, is the lofty name of ——" " Hold," interrupted she, " the secret you are about to reveal belongs to my father, and from him only I must learn it."——" True," replied Smoloff, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, " there is no principle of honour, no point of delicacy which is not an inmate in your soul."——Elizabeth resumed the subject of her expedition, to ask when Smoloff would give her the information that was requisite for it. " I must take time to consider

it," answered he; "but, Elizabeth, do you think that it is possible for you to traverse the 3,500 verstes which divide Ischim from the province of Ingria¹⁵; and to do this alone, on foot, and unprovided with money!"—"Ah!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "He who sends me to succour my parents will not abandon me."

The eyes of Smoloff were filled with tears. After a moment's pause, he replied, "It is impossible even to think of commencing such an undertaking till the long days of summer. At this season it would indeed be impracticable. Even the sledges could not proceed, and the marshy forests of Siberia are all inundated. I will see you again in a few days; and will then state to you my real opinion concerning your project. At present I feel incapable of forming a correct judgment upon it. I will return to Tobolsk, and consult my father—he is the best of men. The situation of the exiles would be much more miserable than it now is, were he not governor of this district; and no one is more capable of appreciating a noble action than he. He cannot however assist you: his duty forbids it; but I pledge to you my honour that, so far from punishing your father for having given existence

to a daughter so virtuous, it would be his greatest glory to call you his. Elizabeth! pardon me! my heart declares itself, in defiance of opposition. I know that yours can now hold no other sentiment than the glorious one that has so long engrossed it; and I expect not a return. But, should there come a day in which your parents, happy and secure in their native land, shall no longer require your exertions, remember that, in this desert, Smoloff saw you, loved you, and would have preferred a life of obscurity and poverty with Elizabeth in exile, to all the glory that the world could offer."——He would have said more, but tears interrupted his utterance. He was amazed at the extraordinary emotion which agitated him. Till that moment he had never felt such weakness; but till that moment he had never loved.

Elizabeth had remained motionless during this unexpected declaration. The idea of any other than filial love was to her so new that she scarcely comprehended it. It might have appeared to her less strange, had her heart been free to receive it. Had her parents been happy, Smoloff might have been loved: he may still be loved, should that event ever take place; but while

they are in affliction, she will remain constant to her first passion, and to contain two, the human heart, comprehensive as it is, is not formed.

Elizabeth had never lived in society. A stranger to its customs and rules she had, nevertheless, a sort of decorum, the attendant of virtue, which taught her, that, after a declaration of love, she ought not to remain alone with the man who had presumed to make it. She was therefore preparing to leave the chapel, when Smoloff, who saw her design, said, "Elizabeth, have I offended you? I call to witness Him who sees the inmost recesses of the heart, that in mine there is not less of respect than of love. He knows, that were you to command it, I would be silent and die: how then, Elizabeth, can I have offended you?"—"You have not offended me," she mildly replied, "I came here merely to inform you what I have it in contemplation to do for the relief of my parents: I have nothing further to say, and am now proceeding to rejoin them."—"Noble minded girl, return to your duty. In associating me with it, you have rendered me worthy of you, and far from ever wishing, in the most secret thought, to turn you from its paths, I will

devote my time solely to your service, in aiding you to fulfil it."

He then promised to give her, on the following Sunday, at Saimka, all the instructions and observations which might be requisite for her enterprise; and they parted, each looking forward, with eager expectation, to their next meeting.

When the Sunday arrived, Elizabeth accompanied her mother joyfully to Saimka. She was anxious to see Smoloff again, and to receive from him the information which might accelerate her departure. But the service ended, and Smoloff did not appear. She became uneasy. While her mother still continued in prayer, Elizabeth inquired of an aged woman if M. de Smoloff had been seen in the church. The answer she received dismayed her: "No," replied the woman, "he departed two days since for Tobolsk." The object of her most ardent wishes seemed thus always to fly before her, at the very moment that she thought herself on the point of obtaining it. A thousand different terrors now presented themselves to her imagination. Smoloff had left Saimka, without remembering his promise: what

reason had she to suppose that he would remember it at Tobolsk? And, if he did, how could he perform it? These thoughts haunted her all the remainder of the day; and at night, oppressed by the chagrin of disappointment, (which weighed the more heavily upon her, as there was no one to whom she could communicate it) she retired early to her little apartment, to indulge, unrestrained, in the grief which overwhelmed her.

As soon as she had quitted the room, Phedora, addressing herself to her husband, said, "I must disclose to you a source of solicitude which destroys my repose. Have you not marked the change which has recently taken place in Elizabeth? When with us, "she seems at all times buried in thought: the name of Smoloff suffuses her countenance with blushes; his absence renders her unhappy. This morning, in the church, her eyes wandered on all sides; I heard her anxiously inquire if Smoloff was there; and she became pallid as death, when informed that he had departed for Tobolsk. Oh, Stanislaus! I remember, in those days which preceded my union with you, that it was thus I changed colour

when your name was pronounced: it was thus that my eyes sought you in every place, and were filled with tears when the search was vain. Alas! these are symptoms of no transient attachment. How can I observe them in my child without dread? she is not destined, like her mother, to be happy." "Happy!" exclaimed Springer, with a sensation of poignant regret:—"happy in a desert, and in exile!" "Yes, in a desert, in exile, in every place, blessed with the society of him I love."

She pressed his hand to her lips. But, soon returning to the subject which distressed her, she said, "I fear Elizabeth loves young Smoloff; and charming as she is, he will only behold, in her, the daughter of a poor exile. He will scorn her affection, and my child, my only child will die with grief at seeing her love disdained." Tears suppressed her utterance, and the presence of Springer, which had consoled her under all her afflictions, could not allay the fears she entertained for her daughter's future happiness.

Springer reflected for a moment, and then replied; "Phedora, my beloved, be comforted;

the conduct of Elizabeth has not been unnoticed by me; and perhaps I have seen farther than you into what passes in her soul. Another idea, and not that of Smoloff, engrosses it, I am certain of this. I am certain also, that, if we were to offer her to Smoloff, he would not condemn the gift, even in this desert; and this sentiment will render him deserving of her, if ever——Yes, it will be so; Elizabeth will not always live secluded in this desert: her virtue will not always remain buried in obscurity. She was not born to be unhappy; so much goodness, Heaven sooner or later will recompense.”

This was the first time, since his banishment, that Springer had appeared not to despair; Phedora augured from the circumstance the most pleasing presages; and, reassured by his words, she lay down composedly to rest.

For two months, Elizabeth went every Sunday to Saimka, with the hope of seeing Smoloff, but in vain; and at last she was informed that he had left Tobolsk. All her hopes now vanished: she now no longer doubted his having entirely forgotten her; and she frequently shed tears of the

bitterest sorrow at the thought, but for which the purest innocence could not have reproached her.

The end of April approached. The snow began to melt, and a verdant shade began to diffuse itself over the sandy shores of the lake. The white blossoms of the thorn thickly covered its boughs, resembling flakes of newly fallen snow; while the blue-budded campanula, the downy mug-wort¹⁶, and the iris, enameled the ground around its roots. The blackbirds descended in flocks on the naked trees, and were the first to interrupt the mournful silence of winter. Already, upon the banks of the river, and sometimes on its surface, sported the beautiful mallard of Persia¹⁷, of bright flame colour, with a tufted head and ebony beak; and woodcocks of various species, some black with yellow beaks, others speckled with feathery ruffs around their necks, ran swiftly along the marshy grounds, or hid themselves among the rushes. In short, every symptom announced an early spring; and Elizabeth, foreseeing how much she should lose if a year so favourable for her expedition were suffered to pass by, formed the desperate resolution of undertaking it un-

aided, trusting for success to Heaven and her own firmness.

One morning Springer was employed in his garden; whilst seated at a little distance, Elizabeth regarded him in silence. He had not yet confided to her the secret of his misfortunes; and it was a confidence which she no longer sought. A kind of delicate pride had arisen in her soul, which had made her desirous of remaining in ignorance of the rank her parents held till the moment of her departure; and to defer her request of knowing what they had lost, until she could answer, "I go to solicit that pardon which will restore happiness to all." Until this time she had depended upon the promises of Smoloff, and on them had founded what she considered reasonable hopes of success. But when these had failed, her sanguine imagination suggested others of which she resolved to speak. Before she ventured to begin, she, however, reflected upon the numerous objections that would be advanced, and the various obstacles that would be opposed to her scheme. That they were important she was certain: Smoloff had told her so; and she was well convinced that the tenderness

of her parents would even exaggerate them. What answer could be made to their remonstrances, their entreaties, their commands? When they should tell her that the blessing of revisiting their country would not be worth the terror they should suffer during the temporary loss of their child? She forgot that her father was near; and bursting into tears, fell upon her knees to implore, from Heaven, that eloquence which could prevail against their arguments.

Springer, who heard her sob, turned hastily round, and running to her, raised her from the ground: "Elizabeth," said he, "what is the matter? What has happened to you? If you are afflicted, weep at least on the bosom of your father."—"Oh, my father!" she replied, "detain me no longer here; you know my wish; O grant it; I feel that Heaven itself calls me."

She was interrupted by the young peasant, their attendant, who, running towards them, cried, "M. de Smoloff——M. de Smoloff is here."

Elizabeth uttered a scream of delight. She

took her father's hand, and pressing it to her heart, exclaimed, "It is so; the Omnipotent himself calls me; he has sent him who will open for me the road, and will remove every obstacle. O my father! your daughter will yet be able to break the chain which holds you a prisoner."

Without waiting for an answer, she flew to see Smoloff, and, in the way, met her mother, whom she seized by the arm, and embracing her, cried, "Come with me; he is returned: M. de Smoloff is returned."

On entering the cottage they perceived a gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, in a military dress, accompanied by several officers. The mother and daughter started back in amazement. "This is M. de Smoloff," said the young Tartar. At these words all the hopes of Elizabeth were a second time destroyed. Her colour fled; her eyes were filled with tears. Phedora, alarmed at the excess of her emotion, placed herself before her, to conceal it from general observation. Happy would the afflicted mother have esteemed herself, if, by the sacrifice of her own life, her daughter could have been released

from the fatal passion which she no longer doubted held possession of her soul.

The governor of Tobolsk dismissed his attendants, and, turning to Springer, said, "Sir, since the time that the court of Russia deemed it prudent to condemn you to banishment, this is the first opportunity I have had of visiting this remote spot; and it is a duty now pleasing to me, since it affords me the opportunity of testifying to an exile so illustrious, how sincerely I feel for his misfortunes, and how deeply I regret that duty forbids me to offer the assistance and protection which otherwise I would gladly bestow."—"I expect nothing from men, sir," interrupted Springer, coldly, "I look not for their commiseration, as I hope nothing from their justice; and since my misfortunes have placed me at a distance from them, I shall pass my days contented in this desert."—

"Oh, sir!" replied the governor, with emotion, "for a man like you, to live an exile from his country, is a destiny indeed to be lamented!" ——"There is one, sir, still more lamentable," replied Springer, "to *die* an exile." He said no more; for, had he added another word, he might

have shed a tear, and the illustrious sufferer wished to appear above his misfortunes. Elizabeth, concealed behind her mother, anxiously watched the governor to ascertain whether his manner and countenance announced a character which would encourage her to disclose her project to him. Thus the fearful dove, before she leaves her nest, peeps from among the branches, and long and attentively surveys the heavens, to mark whether the appearance of the sky promises a serene day.

The governor remarked and knew her. His son had often spoken of her; and the portrait which his descriptions had drawn, could resemble none but Elizabeth. "Madam," said he, addressing himself to her, "my son has mentioned you to me: you have made an impression upon his mind which time will never efface."—"Did he tell you, sir," hastily interrupted Phedora, "that she is indebted to him for the life of a father?"

"No, madam," answered the governor, "but he told me how anxious she is to devote her's to that father and to you."—"She is," said

Springer, "and her affectionate regard is the only blessing we have now left, the only blessing of which mankind has not been able to deprive us." The governor turned aside to conceal his emotion. After a short pause, he addressed himself to Elizabeth, "Madam," said he, "it is two months since my son, then at Saimka, received an order from the Emperor to set off immediately to join the army, assembling in Livonia. Without a moment's loss of time, he was obliged to obey; but, before his departure, he conjured me to convey to you a letter. I could not, without the most imminent danger, send it by a messenger: I could only deliver it myself, and now his commission shall be executed." Elizabeth, blushing, took the letter which he presented to her. The governor, observing the surprise of Springer and Phcdora, exclaimed, "Happy are the parents from whom a daughter conceals only secrets like this." He then recalled his attendants, and in their presence said to Springer, "Sir, the commands of my sovereign still prevent me from allowing you to receive any one here; nevertheless, if any poor missionaries, who, I am informed, must cross these deserts, in their return from the frontiers of China, should come

to your dwelling, to beg a night's lodging, you are permitted to receive them."

After the governor had taken leave, Elizabeth still kept her eyes fixed upon the letter she held in her hand, not daring to open it. "My child," said Springer, "if you are waiting for permission from your mother and myself to read your letter, you have it." With a trembling hand Elizabeth then broke the seal; and, as she perused the contents, she made frequent exclamations of gratitude and joy. When she had finished, she threw herself into the arms of her parents, and exclaimed, "The moment is arrived, every circumstance contributes to favour my enterprise; Heaven approves and blesses my intention; Oh, my parents! will *you* not likewise bless it!" Springer shuddered at the words she uttered; he knew the intention to which she alluded; but Phedora, who had not an idea of it, exclaimed, "Elizabeth, what means this mystery? what does that paper contain?" She made a motion as if to take it; but Elizabeth gently withdrawing her hand, "Oh, my mother, pardon me," said she; "I tremble to speak before you: you have not yet guessed at what I would say, and the idea of

your terror disheartens me. This is now my only remaining impediment. I know not how to obviate it. Oh! permit me to explain myself before my father only, you are not yet prepared as he is——”——“ No, my child,” interrupted Springer, “ do not separate us: do not that which exile and misfortune has never yet effected. Come to my heart, my Phedora, and, if your courage fail you at the words you are about to hear, may mine sustain your drooping spirits.” Phedora, terrified, dismayed, seeing herself menaced by some dreadful calamity, but knowing not whence the stroke was to come, replied, in a tone of alarm, “ Stanislaus, what can you mean? Have I not endured, with fortitude, every reverse of fortune? Nor will that fortitude forsake me now,” added she, pressing to her heart her husband and her child; “ between you it will sustain me against the worst that fate can do——.” Elizabeth attempted to reply, but her mother would not hear her: “ My child,” exclaimed she with anguish, “ ask my life, but do not ask of me to consent to our separation.” These words proved that she had penetrated into the secret; and the pain of telling it to her was spared; but to induce her to consent seemed an undertaking

so arduous that even the sanguine hopes of Elizabeth were daunted. Bathed in tears, trembling at the sight of her mother's agitation, Elizabeth, in broken accents, uttered only these words: "Oh, my mother! if, for the happiness of my father, I asked of you some days only?"—"Oh! no, not one," exclaimed her mother in an agony, "what happiness could be worth such a price! No, not one day! Oh gracious Heaven! do not permit her to ask me." These words entirely subdued the courage of Elizabeth. Unable to utter what could, to such an excess, afflict her mother, she presented, to her father, the letter she had received from the governor of Tobolsk and made a sign that he should read it. He took it, and, in a faltering voice, read aloud the following lines, written by young Smoloff, at Tobolsk, about two months before,

"The greatest concern I experience, on leaving Saimka, Elizabeth, proceeds from the impossibility of informing you that an indispensable obligation forces me to an absence from you. I can neither see you, write to you, nor send you the information you have asked of me, without acting in opposition to the commands of my father, and

without endangering his safety. Perhaps my wish to oblige you might have induced me to have failed in my duty towards him, had it not been for the example you have shown me. But after I had so lately learned what is due to a parent, I could not expose the life of mine. To you, however, I will confess that my duty was not, like yours, performed with delight. I returned to Tobolsk with a broken heart. My father informed me that a mandate from the emperor must transport me a thousand miles from you; and that this mandate must be obeyed immediately. I depart, Elizabeth, and you know not what I suffer. Ah! I do not ask of Heaven that you should ever know my feelings.

“I have opened my heart to my father. I have made you known to him, and his tears have flowed at the recital of your project. I believe he will visit the district of Ischim this year, and that it will be expressly to see you. In the mean time, he will, if possible, convey to you this letter. I depart with greater tranquillity, Elizabeth, since I leave you under the protection of my father. But do not, I conjure you, do not think of setting out on your expedition until my return; I ex-

pect it will be in less than a year. I will be your conductor, and your guard, to Petersburg, and will present you to the emperor. Do not fear that I will address you again on the subject of my love. No, I will but be as a friend, a brother; and, if I serve you with all the fervour of passion, I swear never to address you but in a language pure as that of innocence, as that of angels, or yourself."

The following postscript was written by the governor himself.

"No, madam, it is not my son that must conduct you. I doubt not his honour, but yours must be placed beyond the reach of suspicion. When, at the court of Russia, you exhibit instances of virtue too heroic not to be crowned with success, the breath of envy must not whisper, that you were conducted thither by a lover, and thus tarnish the noblest instance of filial piety the world can boast of. In your present situation there are no protectors worthy to guide your innocence but Heaven and your father. Your father cannot accompany you, but Heaven will not forsake you. Religion will lend you her aid: shield

yourself therefore under her guidance. You know to whom I have given permission to enter your dwelling. In entrusting you with these directions, I render you the depository of my fate. Were this letter to be made public: were it to be known that I had favoured your departure, my ruin would be the inevitable result; but I have no fear; I know in whom I confide, and what may be expected from the heroism and honour of a daughter willing to sacrifice her life for a father."

As he finished the letter, the voice of Springer became firmer and more animated. He gloried in the virtues of his daughter, and in the admiration which they excited. But the tender mother thought only of the danger of losing her. Pale, motionless, unable to weep, she regarded her child in silence, and raised her eyes to Heaven. Elizabeth threw herself on her knees before them both. "Oh, my parents," said she, "permit me to speak: in this humble attitude should the greatest of all blessings be solicited. I presume to aspire to that of restoring you to liberty, to happiness, and to your country; for more than a year has this been the object of my fondest hopes.

The season for it approaches, and you would forbid me to attempt it. If there be a blessing greater than that which I entreat, refuse me this, I will consent; but if there be not——.” Agitated and trembling, the accents she would have uttered died unfinished on her lips; and, by looks and motions of the most earnest supplication only, could she finish her prayer. Springer laid his hand upon the head of his daughter, and said not a word: her mother exclaimed, “Alone, on foot, without help! Oh, no, I cannot! I cannot!” — “My mother,” answered Elizabeth eagerly, “do not, I beseech you, do not oppose my wish. You would not, if you knew how long I have indulged it, and how much consolation I have derived from it. As soon as my reason enabled me to comprehend the cause of your unhappiness, I resolved to dedicate my life to the removal of it. Happy was the day on which I first contemplated the design of liberating my father! Blessed the hope which supported me when I saw you weep! Long ago would the affliction of witnessing your silent sorrow have overwhelmed me, had I not reflected, ‘It is I who may restore that of which you lament the loss.’ If you deprive me of this hope, in which

all my thoughts are centred, I shall no longer attach a value to life, and my days will linger away in despair. Oh! pardon me for grieving you. No, if you forbid my departure, I shall not die, since my death would be an additional source of affliction to you. But I entreat of you not to oppose my happiness. Tell me not that my enterprise is impracticable. My heart replies that I can accomplish it. Heaven will supply me with strength when I go to claim justice, and with eloquence to obtain my demand. Nothing will daunt me: neither sufferings, nor contempt; neither the dazzling splendour of a court, nor the awful brow of majesty; nothing but your refusal.”—“ Cease, Elizabeth, oh, cease!” interrupted Springer: “ my ideas are confused; my soul, till now, never sunk before a noble action: till this moment it never heard of virtue too heroic for its strength to bear. I did not think myself weak; Oh, my child! you now teach me that I am: no, I cannot consent.” Encouraged by his refusal, Phedora, taking her daughter’s hands, said, “ Hear me, Elizabeth. If your father betrays weakness, you may well excuse it in your mother. Pardon her that she has not resolution to give you permission to display

your virtue. Strange! that a mother must ask her child to be less excellent; but your mother only asks it, she does not command; possessed of such greatness of soul, you ought to receive no command but from the dictates of your own heart.”—“ My dear mother,” replied Elizabeth, “ yours shall ever be held sacred. If you desire me to remain here, I hope I shall have resolution enough to obey without repining; but suffer me to hope that my scheme will yet receive your assent. It is not the result of a moment’s enthusiasm, but of the reflection of many years; and it is established upon reason, as well as upon affection. Does there exist any other means of rescuing my father from exile? During the twelve years that he has languished here, what friend has undertaken his justification? And were there one who dared to do it, would he dare to say as much as I should? Would he be instigated by motives similar to mine?—Oh, no, let me indulge the thought that Heaven has reserved for your child the blessing of restoring you to happiness, and do not oppose the glorious undertaking with which Heaven has designed to charge her. Tell me what is it you consider so alarming in the enterprise? Is it my temporary absence? Have I

not often heard you lament that exile which forbids you the hope of bestowing me in marriage? And would not a husband have separated me from you entirely? Is it danger? there exists none; the winters of this climate have inured me to the utmost severity of the weather, and the daily exercise I have taken on these plains have enabled me to bear the fatigue of long travelling. Are you alarmed on account of my youth? it will be my support: the weak meet with general assistance. Or, do you fear my inexperience? I shall not be alone: do you remember the words of the governor's letter? he permits the poor missionary to take shelter under our roof, for the purpose of affording me a guide and a protector. You see that every danger, every obstacle is removed. Nothing is wanting but your consent and your benediction."—"And you must beg your bread," exclaimed Springer, in a tone of poignant distress. "The ancestors of your mother, who formerly reigned in these territories; and mine, who were seated on the throne of Poland, will look down and see the heiress of their name begging her daily bread in that Russia, which has made, of their kingdoms, provinces to her empire."—"If such is the royal blood that flows

in my veins," replied Elizabeth, in accents of modest surprise, "if I am a descendant of monarchs; if two diadems have graced the brows of my forefathers, I hope to prove myself worthy both of them and of you, and never to dishonour the illustrious name they have transmitted to me; but poverty will not dishonour it. Why should not the daughter of the Seids¹⁸, and of Sobieski, have recourse to the charity of her fellow creatures? How many, precipitated from the height of human grandeur, have implored it for themselves! Happier than they, I shall implore it only in the service of my father."

The noble firmness of Elizabeth, and the pious pride which sparkled in her eyes, at the thought of humbling herself for the sake of her father, gave to her discourse such animation, and such strength and authority, that Springer was unable to resist. He felt that he had no right to prevent his daughter from displaying her heroic virtue; that he should be culpable in detaining her in the obscurity of a desert. "Oh, my Phedora!" he cried, tenderly pressing the hand of his wife, "shall we condemn our heroic child to end her days here unknown? Shall we deprive her of the

prospect of being the happy mother of children resembling herself? Take courage, my Phedora! This will be the only possible means of restoring her to a world of which she will be the ornament; let us grant the permission she solicits." At this moment the feelings of the mother triumphed over those of the wife; and for the first time Phedora presumed to resist the most sacred of human authorities, "Never, never will I give my permission; even you, Stanislaus, will entreat it in vain. I shall have courage to resist. What! shall I expose the life of my child! shall I consent to see my Elizabeth depart, to hear on some future day that she has perished with cold and by famine, in a frightful desert, and live to deplore her loss? Can such a request be made to a mother! Oh, Stanislaus! is it possible there can be a sacrifice I would not make to you, and a grief in which all your endeavours to console me would be vain!" She ceased to speak; her tears no longer flowed; the anguish of her mind was unutterable. Springer, unable to endure the sight of her distress, exclaimed, "My child, if your mother cannot consent, you must not go."—"No, my mother, if you desire it, I will stay," said Elizabeth, embracing her with an ecstasy of

tenderness; “ never will I disobey you. But perhaps the Almighty will obtain from you that which you have refused even to my father. Join with me in entreaties, my mother; let us ask of Heaven the conduct we must pursue; it is its wisdom that must enlighten, its support that must sustain us; from it proceeds all truth, and from it only can we learn submission to its decrees.

While Phedora prayed, tears again came to her relief. That piety which calms and softens human affliction, and which possesses itself of the heart to chase thence the agonies of sorrow: that divine piety which never prescribes a duty, without pointing out its recompence, and which never fails to pour the balm of consolation into the souls of those who humbly invoke it, touched the soul of Phedora. The approbation of men can obtain from the ambitious character, which places all its happiness in glory, a sacrifice of the tenderest affections, but religion alone can obtain such a sacrifice from hearts like that of Phedora, whose happiness centred solely in those she loved.

On the following day, Springer, being alone with his daughter, gave her a narration of his misfortunes. He informed her of the dreadful wars which had afflicted the kingdom of Poland, and in what manner that unfortunate nation had at last been subverted.—“ My only crime, my child,” said he, “ was too strong an attachment to my country, to endure the sight of its slavery. The blood of some of its greatest monarchs flowed in my veins. Its throne might have fallen to my lot, and my services and my life were due to the country from which all my glory was derived. I defended it as I ought. At the head of a handful of noble Poles I fought, to the last extremity, against the three great powers which were combined to destroy it; and, at length, overpowered, by the number of our enemies, we were compelled to yield, under the walls of Warsaw, in sight of that great city, delivered up to flames and pillage. But, though forced to submit to tyranny, at the bottom of my heart I resisted still. Ashamed to remain in my native country, which was no longer in the possession of my countrymen, I sought allies to aid me in restoring to Poland its existence and its name. Vain effort! ineffectual

attempt! each day riveted faster those chains which my feeble endeavours were unable to break. The lands of my ancestors lay in that part of the country which had fallen under the dominion of Russia. I lived upon them with Phedora, and should have lived with felicity unequaled, had not the yoke of the stranger weighed heavily upon my mind. My open murmurs, and still more the number of persons who had been injured by the Russians, and who resorted to my house, roused the alarm of an arbitrary and suspicious monarch. One morning I was torn from the arms of my wife, from yours, my child, and from my home. You were then but four years of age; and your tears flowed not for your own misfortunes, but because you saw your mother weep. I was dragged to the prisons of Petersburg. Phedora followed me thither; where the only favour she could obtain was permission to share in my confinement. We lived nearly a year in those dreadful dungeons, deprived of air, and nearly of the light of Heaven, but not of hope. I could not persuade myself but that a just monarch would forgive a private citizen for having endeavoured to maintain the rights of his country, and that he would trust to the promise I

gave of future submission. I had judged of mankind too favourably: I was condemned unheard, and was banished for life to the deserts of Siberia. My faithful companion would not abandon me: and, in accompanying me, she seemed to follow the dictates of her heart rather than those of her duty. Yes, had I been condemned to linger out my existence in the frightful darkness of the terrific Beresow, or amidst the undisturbed solitudes of the lake Baikal, or of Kamtschatka¹⁹, she would have not forsaken me. In short, had my destiny been rendered even more miserable than it now is, my Phedora would still have proved my consoling angel. To her goodness, to her piety, to her generous sacrifice, I shall ever believe I am indebted for my milder doom. Oh, my child! it is to her that I owe all the solace of my life, while, in return, I have associated her in my misfortunes.—“ Misfortunes, my father,” said Elizabeth; “ when you have loved her so tenderly, so constantly!” In these words Springer recognised the heart of Phedora, and perceived that Elizabeth, like her mother, could live contented with the man she loved. “ My child,” resumed he, returning young Smoloff’s letter, which he had kept since

the preceding evening, " If I shall one day owe to your zeal and courage the restoration of that rank and wealth which I no longer desire, but for the purpose of placing you in the bosom of prosperity, this letter will remind you of our benefactor. Your heart, Elizabeth, is grateful, and the alliance of virtue can never disgrace the blood of royalty." Elizabeth coloured as she received, from her father, the letter; and, placing it in her bosom, she answered, " the remembrance of him, who pitied, who loved, and who served you, shall ever be cherished by me."

For some days the departure of Elizabeth was not mentioned. Her mother had not yet consented; but, from the air of melancholy which pervaded all her actions, and from the deep dejection of her countenance, it was visible that the solicited consent was in her heart, and that all hope of resistance had forsaken her.

One Sunday evening, the family was assembled at prayer, when a gentle tapping at the door disturbed them. Springer opened it, and a venerable Stranger presented himself. Phedora started up, exclaiming in agony, " Oh Heaven! this is he

who has been announced to us; it is he who comes to deprive me of my child." She hid her face with her hands; even her piety could not induce her to welcome the servant of God. The missionary entered. A long white beard descended to his breast. He was bent more by long labours than by age. The hardships of his life had worn his body and strengthened his soul. There was an expression of sorrow in his countenance: it was that of a man who had suffered much, but had experienced something consolatory; of a man who felt that he had not suffered in vain: the whole of his appearance inspired the beholder with veneration.

"Sir," said he, addressing himself to Springer, "I enter your dwelling with a joyful heart, the blessing of God is upon this cottage, for it contains a treasure more precious than gold and pearls; I come to solicit a night's lodging." Elizabeth hastened to fetch him a seat. "Young Maiden," said he to her, "you have early trod the paths of virtue, and, in the spring time of human life, have left us far behind." He was preparing to seat himself, when the sighs of Phe-dora arrested his attention; addressing himself

to her, "Christian mother," said he, "why do you weep? is not your child favoured by the Most High? Heaven conducts her steps, and you should consider yourself blessed far beyond the common lot of parents. If you thus grieve because the call of virtue, for a short time, separates you from your child, what must become of those mothers who see their offspring torn from them by the ways of vice, and lost to them for eternity?"—"Holy Father! if I am to see her no more!" exclaimed the afflicted Phedora.——
"You *would* see her again," he answered with animation, "in that celestial paradise which will be her inheritance; but you *will* see her again on earth; the difficulties of her undertaking are great and various, but God will protect her: he tempers the wind to the clothing of the lamb."

Phedora bowed her head in token of resignation. Springer had not yet spoken. His heart was oppressed: he could not utter a word. Elizabeth herself, who, never before, had felt her courage relax, began to experience sensations of weakness. The animated hope of rendering service to her parents had, hitherto, absorbed every idea of the grief of leaving them; but now, when

the moment was arrived, that she could say to herself, "To-morrow I shall not hear the voice of my father, to-morrow I shall not receive the fond caresses of my mother; perhaps a year may pass away ere such happiness be mine again." She now felt as if the success of her enterprise could scarcely make her amends for so distressing a separation. Her eyes became dim, her whole frame was agitated, and she sunk weeping upon the bosom of her father. Ah, timid orphan! if, already, you extend your arms to your protector, and, on the first approach of your undertaking, bend to the ground as a vine without support, where will you find that courage which may enable you to traverse nearly half the globe separated from them!

Before they retired to rest the missionary supped with the exiles. Freedom and hospitality presided at the board, but gaiety was banished; and it was only by the utmost effort that the exiles suppressed their tears. The missionary regarded them with tender concern. In the course of his long travels he had witnessed much affliction, and the art of bestowing consolation had been the principal study of his life. For different

kinds of sorrow he pursued different methods: for every situation, for every character, he had words of comfort; nor did he often fail to afford relief. He well knew that if it is possible to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of its own sorrows, by presenting the image of some calamity greater than the one lamented, the tears that flow through pity will soften the agony of woe. Thus, by relating the long history of his own sufferings, and of the various distressing scenes he had witnessed, he, by degrees, attracted the attention of the exiles, moved them with compassion for the sufferings of their fellow creatures, and led them to reflect that their lot had been mild, compared with that of many. What had not this venerable old man seen? What could he not relate? He, who, for sixty years, at the distance of two thousand miles from his country, in a foreign climate, and in the midst of persecutions, had laboured incessantly in the conversion of savages, whom he entitled brethren, and who were not unfrequently the most inveterate of his persecutors? He had visited the court of Peking, and had excited the astonishment of the Mandarins by the extent of his learning, and still more by his rigid virtue and his austere self-

denial. He had assembled together tribes of wandering savages, and had taught them the principles of agriculture. Thus were barren wastes changed into fertile lands: thus did savages become mild and humane; and families, to whom the fond titles of father, of husband, and of son were no longer unknown, raised their hearts to Heaven in tributes of thanksgiving. All these blessings were the result of the pious labours of one man. These people did not condemn the missions of piety. They presumed not to say that the religion which dictates them is severe and arbitrary; and still further were they from affirming that men who practise that religion with such success of charity and love towards their fellow creatures are useless and ambitious. But why not pronounce them ambitious? In devoting their lives to the service of their fellow creatures do they not aspire to the highest of rewards? Do they not seek to please their Maker, and to gain the reward of Heaven? None of the most celebrated conquerors of the earth ever raised their aspiring thoughts so high: they were satisfied with the esteem of men, and with the dominion of the world.

The good father then informed the exiles, that, recalled by his superior, he was now returning, on foot, to Spain, his native country. On his road thither he was to pass through Russia, Germany, and France; but he seemed to think little of the journey. The man who had traversed vast deserts that yielded no other shelter from the inclemency of weather than a den; no pillow on which to rest the weary head but what a stone afforded, and whose only food had been a little rice-flour moistened with water, might well consider himself at the period of his labours on approaching to civilized nations; and Father Paul almost fancied himself in his own country, when he found himself once more among a Christian people. He related accounts of the dreadful sufferings he had endured, and of the difficulties which he had overcome, when, after passing the wall of China, he had entered the extensive territories of the Tartars²⁰. He stated that, at the entrance of the vast deserts of Songria, which appertain to China, and which serve it as a boundary on the side of Siberia, he had discovered a country abounding in rich and valuable furs. By means of this commodity it was able to maintain an extensive commerce with European nations;

but no traces of their industry had as yet reached that distant spot: no merchant had hitherto dared to carry his gold, or attempt a lucrative traffic, where the missionary had ventured to plant the cross, and had distributed blessings: so true is it that charity will stimulate to enterprises from which even avarice recedes.

A bed was prepared for Father Paul in the little chamber before occupied by the Tartar peasant, who now slept, wrapped up in a bear-skin, near the stove. As soon as day began to dawn, Elizabeth rose. She approached softly to Father Paul's door, and hearing that he had already risen, she requested permission to enter and converse with him in private; as she felt that she dared not speak concerning her project before her parents, much less to express her wish that they might set out, the following morning, on their journey. She related to him the history of her life: it was a simple but affecting story, which consisted chiefly of anecdotes of mutual tenderness between her parents and herself. In the long recital of her doubts and hopes she had occasion, more than once, to pronounce the name of Smoloff; but it seemed as if this

name occurred only to heighten the picture of her innocence, and to show that it was not wholly through the absence of temptation she had preserved so entire the purity of her heart. Father Paul was deeply affected with the narration. He had made the tour of the globe, and had seen almost all that it contained ; but a heart like that of Elizabeth was new to him.

Springer and Phedora knew not that it was their daughter's intention to leave them on the morrow ; but, when they embraced her in the morning, they felt that sensation of involuntary terror which all animated beings experience on the eve of a storm that threatens them. Wherever Elizabeth moved, Phedora followed her with her eyes ; and she often seized her suddenly by the arm, without daring to ask her the question that hovered on her lips. But she spoke continually of employments that she had for her on the following day, and gave orders for different works to be done several days hence. Thus did she endeavour to reassure herself by her own words ; but her heart was not at ease, and the silence of her daughter spoke most feelingly to it of her departure. During dinner, she said, " Elizabeth, if

the weather be fine, to-morrow you shall go, in your canoe, with your father, to fish in the lake." Her daughter looked at her in silence, while the tears involuntarily fell from her eyes. Springer, agitated by the same anxiety as Phedora, addressed himself to her hastily: "My child," said he, "did you hear your mother's desire? you are to accompany me to-morrow." Elizabeth reclined her head upon her father's shoulder, saying, in a whisper, "To-morrow you must console my mother."—Springer changed colour. It was enough for Phedora. She asked no more; she was certain that the departure of her child had been mentioned; but it was a subject she wished not to hear, for the moment that it was spoken of before her must be that of giving her consent, and she indulged the hope, that, till this consent was granted, Elizabeth would not dare to leave her home. Springer collected all his firmness, for he saw that, on the morrow, he must sustain the loss of his child, and the anguish of his wife. He knew not whether he could survive the sacrifice he was about to make; a sacrifice to which he never could have submitted, but from the excess of love he bore his daughter. Therefore, concealing his emotion, he received the intelli-

gence with apparent composure, and feigned to be content, in order to bestow upon her the only recompense worthy of her virtue.

How many secret emotions, how many afflicting unobserved sensations agitated the minds both of the parents and the child on this day of trial! Sometimes they exchanged the most tender caresses, at others they appeared a prey to the most heartfelt grief. The missionary sought to rouse their spirits, by reciting all the histories, in the sacred writings, in which Providence had rewarded, in an especial manner, the sacrifices of filial piety and paternal resignation. He likewise gave them hints that the difficulties of the journey would not be great, as a man of high consequence, whom he would not name, but whom they easily guessed, had furnished him with the means of rendering it easier and more pleasant than it otherwise could have been. Thus passed the day, and, when night arrived, Elizabeth, on her knees, in broken accents, entreated her parents' blessing. Her father approached her. The tears streamed down his manly cheeks. His daughter held out to him her arms: he be-

held, in her motion, the sign of a farewell. His heart became too much oppressed to suffer him to weep; and, laying his hands upon her head, he, in silence, recommended her to the protection of the Almighty, for he had not the courage to utter a word. Elizabeth then, turning round to her mother, said, "And you, my mother, will you not likewise bestow your blessing upon your child?"—"To-morrow," replied Phedora, in a voice almost stifled with the agony of grief, "To-morrow?"—"And why not to-day, my mother?"—"Oh! yes," answered Phedora, running to her, "to-day, to-morrow, every day." Elizabeth bowed her head, while her parents, their hands joined, their eyes raised, with trembling voices pronounced a solemn benediction.

The missionary, with a cross in his hand, stood at a little distance, praying for them: it was the picture of virtue praying for innocence; and if such invocations ascend not to the throne of Heaven, what can those be which have a right to attain it!

It was now the middle of May: that season of

the year when, between the deepening shades of twilight and the glimmering dawn of the day there are scarcely two hours of night. Elizabeth employed this time in making preparations for her departure. She had provided herself with a travelling dress, and this, with a change of shoes and stockings, she packed in a bag of reindeer skin. It had been her constant practice, for nearly a year, to work at night after she had retired to her chamber, that she might get these things in readiness unknown to Phedora. During the same period of time she had reserved, from each of her collations, some dried fruits and a little flour, in order to defer as long as possible that moment when she must have recourse to the charity of strangers. But she was determined not to take any thing from the dwelling of her parents, where little was to be found but what necessity required. The whole amount of her treasure was eight or ten copecks²¹. This was all the money she possessed, all the riches with which she undertook to traverse a space of more than eight hundred leagues.

“Father,” said she to the missionary, knocking

softly at his door, "let us now depart, while my parents are asleep. Do not let us awake them; they will grieve soon enough. They sleep tranquilly, thinking that we cannot escape, without passing through their chamber. But the window of this room is not high. I can easily jump out, and will then assist you in getting down." The missionary agreed to this stratagem of filial tenderness, which was to spare the parents and child the agonies of such a parting. They left the house; and, as soon as they were in the forest, Elizabeth, having thrown her little wallet on her shoulder, walked a few steps hastily forward. But, turning her head once again towards the dwelling she had abandoned, her sobs almost stifled her. Bathed in tears she rushed back to the door of the apartment in which her parents slept; "Oh Heaven!" cried she, "watch over them, guard them, preserve them, and grant that I may never pass this threshold again if I am destined to behold them no more." She then rose, and turning, beheld her father standing behind her. "Oh my father! are you here? why did you come?"—"To see you, to embrace you, to bless you once more; to say to you, My Eliza-

beth, if, during the days of your childhood, I have let one day escape, without showing proofs of my tenderness, if once I have made your tears to flow, if a look, an expression of harshness has afflicted your heart, before you go, pardon me for it; pardon your father, that, if he is doomed not to have the happiness of seeing you again, he may die in peace.”——“ Oh! do not talk thus;” interrupted Elizabeth——“ And your poor mother,” continued he, “ when she awakes, what shall I say to her? what shall I answer, when she asks me for her child? She will seek you in the forest, on the borders of the lake, everywhere; and I shall follow, weeping with her, and calling despondingly for our child, who will no longer hear us.” At these words, Elizabeth, overpowered and almost fainting, supported herself against the walls of the hut. Her father, seeing that he had affected her beyond her strength, bitterly reproached himself for his own want of fortitude. “ My child,” said he, in a more composed voice, “ take courage; I will promise, if not to comfort your mother, at least to encourage her to support your absence with fortitude, and will restore her to you when you return hither. Yes, my

child, whether the enterprize of your filial piety be crowned with success or not, your parents will not die till they have embraced you again." He then addressed the missionary, who, with his eyes cast down, stood at a little distance, deeply affected by this scene of affliction: "Father," said Springer, "I entrust, to your care, a jewel which is invaluable. It is more precious than my heart's blood; far, far more precious than my life. Nevertheless, with full confidence, I entrust it to you. Depart then together; and may the angels of Heaven watch over both. To guard her, celestial powers will arm themselves, and that dust which formed the mortal part of her ancestors will be reanimated; the all-powerful Being, the Father and Protector of my Elizabeth will not suffer her to perish."

Without venturing to look at her father again, Elizabeth placed one hand across her eyes, and, giving the other to the missionary, departed with him. The morning's dawn now began to illuminate the summits of the mountains and gild the tops of the dark firs; but all nature was still wrapped in profound silence. No breath of wind

ruffled the smooth surface of the lake, nor agitated, with its breezes, the leaves of the trees. The birds had not begun to sing, nor did a sound escape even from the smallest insect. It seemed as if nature preserved a respectful silence, that the voice of a father, calling down benedictions on his child, might penetrate through the forest which now divided them.

I have attempted to convey an idea of the grief of the father, but my powers are inadequate to describe that of the mother. How could I delineate her sensations, when, awakened by the lamentations of her husband: she runs to him, and reading, in his desponding attitude, that she had lost her child, falls to the ground in a state of unutterable anguish, that seems to threaten her existence. In vain does Springer, by recalling to her mind all the miseries attendant upon a life of banishment, endeavour to calm her grief. She attends not to his voice: love itself has lost its influence, and can no longer reach her heart. The sorrows of a mother are beyond all human consolation, and can receive it from no earthly source. Heaven reserves to itself alone the

power of soothing them; and if these agonizing sorrows are given to the weaker sex, that sex is formed gentle and submissive, to bow beneath the hand that chastises it, and to have recourse to the only comfort that remains.

ELIZABETH.

PART II.

IT was on the eighteenth of May that Elizabeth and her guide set out upon their journey. They were full a month in crossing the marshy forests of Siberia, which, at this season of the year, are subject to terrible inundations. Sometimes the peasants, whom they overtook, permitted them, for a trifling compensation, to mount their sledges; at night they took shelter in cabins so miserable that, had not Elizabeth been long inured to hardships and privation, she would scarcely have been able to take any repose.

Often was she obliged to lie down, in her clothes, upon a wretched mattress, in a room

scented with the fumes of tobacco and spirits, and into which the wind penetrated through the broken windows, ill repaired with paper; and, to complete her discomfort, the whole family, and sometimes even a part of their cattle, reposed in the same miserable apartment.

Forty versts from Tinoen²², a town on the frontiers of Siberia, is a wood, in which a row of posts mark the boundary of the division of Tobolsk. Elizabeth observed them, and, to her, it appeared like a second parting, to leave the territory which her parents inhabited. "Alas!" said she, "what a distance separates us now!" When she entered Europe, the same melancholy reflection recurred to her. To be in a different quarter of the world, presented to her imagination the idea of a distance more immense than the vast extent of country she had crossed. In Asia she had left the only human beings upon whom she had a claim, and upon whose affection she could rely; and, what could she expect to find in that Europe so celebrated for its enlightened inhabitants? what in that imperial court, where riches and talents flowed in such abundance? Would she find in it any heart moved by her sufferings,

softened by her afflictions, or from whose commiseration she might hope for protection? At this thought, one name presented itself to her mind. Ah! might she have dared to indulge the hope of meeting him at Petersburg—bnt there was no chance. The mandate of the emperor had sent him to join the army in Livonia²³. There was not, then, the remotest probability of finding him in Europe; a quarter of the globe which seemed to her to be inhabited by him only, because he was the only person in it whom she knew. All her dependence then was upon Father Paul; and, in Elizabeth's ideas, the man who had passed sixty years in rendering services to his fellow creatures must have great influence at the court of monarchs.

Perma²⁴ is nearly nine hundred versts from Tobolsk. The roads are good, the lands fertile and well cultivated. Young woods of birch-trees are frequently intermixed with fine and extensive fields; and opulent villages, belonging to the Russians and Tartars, are scattered about. Their inhabitants appeared to be so contented and happy that it could hardly be imagined they

breathed the air of Siberia. This tract of country contains even elegant inns, abounding in luxuries hitherto unknown to Elizabeth, and which excited her astonishment.

The city of Perma, although the handsomest she had hitherto seen, shocked her from the narrowness and dirtiness of the streets, the height of its buildings, the confused intermixture of fine houses and miserable huts, and the closeness of the air. The town is surrounded by fens, and the country as far as Casan²⁵ (interspersed with barren heaths and forests of firs), exhibits a most gloomy aspect. In stormy seasons the lightning frequently falls upon these aged trees, which burn with rapidity, and appear like columns of the brightest red, surmounted by crowns of flames. Elizabeth and her guide, often witnesses of these flaming spectacles, were not unfrequently obliged to cross woods that were burning on each side of them. Sometimes they saw trees consumed at the roots, while their tops, which the fire had not reached, were supported only by the bark, or half thrown down, formed an arch across the road. Others falling, with a tremendous

crash one upon another, made a pyramid of flames like the piles of the ancients, on which pagan piety consumed the ashes of its heroes.

Amidst these dangers, and amidst the still more imminent ones which they encountered in the passage of rivers that had overflowed their banks, Elizabeth was never disheartened. She even thought that the difficulties of her undertaking had been exaggerated. The weather, it is true, was uncommonly fine, and she often travelled in the cars or kibitkis²⁶, which were returning from Siberia, whither they had conveyed new exiles. For a few copecks, the travellers easily obtained permission of the drivers to ride as far as they went. Elizabeth, whenever she had need of it, accepted, without hesitation, the assistance of her holy guide; for what she received from him, was considered by her as the gift of Heaven.

Elizabeth and her guide, about the beginning of September, arrived at the banks of the Thama²⁷, two hundred versts from Casan; having nearly accomplished half their journey. Had it been the will of Heaven that she should complete her enterprise as easily as she had succeeded in this

part of her journey, she would have considered the happiness of her parents cheaply purchased. But it was her destiny to experience a sad reverse; and, with the winter season, that period approached which was to put her steadfastness to the severest trial, and call forth all the exertions of her filial piety, to gain for its reward a crown of immortal glory.

The health of the missionary had, for several days visibly declined. It was with difficulty that he could walk, even with the assistance of Elizabeth, and supported by his staff. He was frequently obliged to rest; and, when a conveyance could be obtained for him in a kibitki, the violent shocks he received, from the roughness of the road, exhausted the little remains of his strength, though the firm composure of his soul continued unmoved. On his arrival at Sarapol (a large village on the northern banks of the Thama), he found himself so extremely weak, that it was impossible for him to think of proceeding on his journey. At this place he obtained a lodging in a miserable inn, adjoining to the house of the superintendant of the district. But the only room he could be accommodated with, was a sort of

loft, or garret, the floor of which shook under every step. The windows were unglazed, and the furniture of this wretched apartment consisted of a wooden table and a bedstead. Over the latter were strewed a few trusses of straw, upon which the missionary reposed his feeble limbs. The wind, which entered freely through the broken casements, must have banished sleep from his relief, had the pain he unremittingly endured allowed him to enjoy any repose. The most desponding reflections now presented themselves to the terrified imagination of Elizabeth. She inquired for a physician, but none was to be had; and, as she perceived that the people of the house took no interest whatever in the state of the sufferer, she was obliged to depend solely upon her own efforts for procuring him relief. After fastening some pieces of the old tapestry, which lined the sides of the apartment, across the windows, she went out into the fields, in search of certain wild herbs, the virtues of which she had been taught by her mother: and of which she made a salutary beverage for the suffering missionary.

As night approached, the symptoms of his ma-

lady grew, every instant, more alarming, and the unfortunate Elizabeth could no longer restrain her tears. She withdrew to a distance, that her sobs might not disturb his dying moments; but the good father heard them, and was grieved for an affliction which he knew not how to remove; for he felt well assured that he should rise no more, and that the period of his mortal career was fast approaching. To the pious philanthropist, who had dedicated a long life to the service of his God and of his fellow creatures, death could present no terrors, though he could not help regretting the prospect of being called away while there remained so much for him to do: "Oh Most High!" he inwardly exclaimed, "I presume not to murmur at thy decrees; but, had it been thy will to spare me till I had conducted this unprotected orphan to the end of her journey, my death would have been more easy."

When it grew dark, Elizabeth lighted a rosin taper, and remained, seated all night, at the foot of the bed to attend her patient. A little before daybreak, she approached to give him some drink. The missionary, feeling that the moment of his dissolution was near at hand, lifted himself

up a little in the bed, and receiving from her the cup she presented to him, raised it towards Heaven saying, "Oh, my God! I recommend her to thy care, who hast promised that a cup of cold water, bestowed in thy name shall not go unrewarded." These words carried with them the conviction of that misfortune which Elizabeth, till this moment, had affected to disbelieve. She discovered that the missionary felt his end approaching, and that she should soon be left destitute and unprotected. Her courage failed. She fell upon her knees by the side of the bed, while her eyes became dim, her respiration difficult, and a cold dew stood upon her forehead. "My God! look down with pity on her; look down with pity on her, oh my God!" repeated the missionary, while he regarded her with the tenderest commiseration; but, as he perceived that the violence of her anguish seemed to increase, he said, "My dear child, in the name of God and of your parents, compose yourself, and listen to me." The trembling Elizabeth stifled her sobs, and, wiping away the tears that impeded her sight, raised her eyes to her venerable guide in token of attention. He supported himself against the back of the bed,

and, exerting all his remaining strength, addressed her thus;—"My child, in travelling at your age, alone, unprotected, and during the severe season that approaches, you will have to endure great hardships. But there are dangers still more alarming, which must fall to your lot. An ordinary courage, that might stand firm amidst fatigues and suffering, would be unable to resist the enticements of seduction. But yours, Elizabeth, is not an ordinary courage; and, under the protection of Heaven, the allurements of a court will not have the power to change your heart. You will meet with many, who, presuming upon your unprotected situation and on your distress, will seek to turn you from the paths of virtue; but you will neither put faith in their promises, nor be dazzled by the splendour which may surround them. The fear of God, and the love of your parents, will place you beyond all their attempts. To whatever extremity you may be reduced, never lose sight of these sacred claims: never forget that a single false step will precipitate to the grave those to whom you owe your existence."—"Oh, father!" interrupted she, "fear not."—"I do not fear," said he, "your piety, your noble resolution have merited implicit confidence, and I am well convinced that you will

not sink under the trials to which Heaven ordains you. You will find, my child, in my cloak, the purse, which the generous governor of Tobolsk gave to me, when he recommended you to my care. Preserve, with the strictest caution, the secret of his agency in appointing me to conduct you. His life depends upon your circumspection. The money this purse contains will defray your expenses to Petersburg. When you arrive there, go to the Patriarch; mention Father Paul to him. Perhaps the name may not have escaped his memory; he will procure an asylum for you in some convent, and will, I doubt not, present your petition to the Emperor; and it is impossible that the Emperor can reject it. In my expiring moments, I repeat it to you, my child, that a proof of filial piety, like that which you will display, has no precedent. The admiring world will bestow the applause it merits, and your virtue will be rewarded upon earth, before it receives the glorious recompense which awaits it in Heaven——”

He ceased; his breath began to fail, and the chilly damps of death already stood upon his brow. Elizabeth, reclining her head against the

bed, wept unconstrained. After a long interval of silence, the missionary, untying a little ebony crucifix, which hung suspended from his neck, presented it to her, saying, in feeble accents, "Take this, my child, it is the only treasure I have to bestow, the only one I possess on earth; and, possessed of that, I wanted not." She pressed it to her lips with the most lively transports of grief; for the renunciation of such a treasure proved that the missionary was certain the moment of his dissolution was at hand. "Fear nothing," added he, with the tenderest compassion: "the good Pastor, who abandons not one of his flock, will watch over and protect you; and, if he deprive you of your present support, he will not fail to bestow more than he takes from you. Confide securely in his goodness. He who feeds the sparrows, and knows the number of the sands upon the seashore, will not forget Elizabeth."—"Father, O father!" she exclaimed, seizing the hand he held out to her; "I cannot resign myself to lose thee."—"Child," replied he, "Heaven ordains it. Submit with patience to its decrees; in a few moments I shall be on high, when I will pray for you and for your parents——." He could not finish; his lips moved,

ELIZABETH.



Elizabeth attending the Millicent in his last moments.

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DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL. R. A. ENGRAVED BY J. H. ROBINSON

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but the sounds he sought to utter died away. He fell back upon his bed, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, exerted his last efforts to recommend, to its protection, the destitute orphan, for whom he still seemed to supplicate when life had fled. So deeply was the force of benevolence implanted in his soul, so habitually, during the course of his long life, had he neglected his own interests to devote himself to those of others, that, at the very moment when he was to enter into the awful abyss of eternity, and to appear before the throne of his sovereign Judge, to receive the irrevocable doom——he thought not of himself.

The cries of Elizabeth induced several persons to hasten into the apartment. They demanded the cause, and she pointed to her protector extended lifeless on the straw. The rumour of the event immediately gathered a crowd around the corpse. Some, who were attracted by idle curiosity, regarded the youthful mourner with astonishment, as she stood weeping near the deceased. Others compassionated her distress; but the people of the house, anxious to receive payment for the miserable accommodation they had afforded, discovered, with delight, the con-

tents of the missionary's cloak, which, in her grief, Elizabeth had not thought of securing. They took possession of the purse, and told her that they would restore to her what remained when they had reimbursed themselves, and paid the expenses of the funeral.

Soon afterwards the Popes²⁸ arrived, followed by attendants with torches. They threw a pall over the deceased; and the unfortunate Elizabeth, obliged to let go the cold hand of her lifeless protector, which, hitherto, she had not relinquished, gave a scream of anguish, as she took a last view of his venerable countenance. She threw herself on her knees in the most obscure part of the chamber, and there, bathed in tears, and covering her face with a handkerchief, as if to shut out from her sight that desolate world in which she was now to wander alone, exclaimed in a voice of stifled agony, "Oh! thou blessed spirit, who now art reaping the reward of thy virtue, in realms of happiness; abandon not the destitute being who still looks to thee for succour! Oh, my father! Oh, my mother! where are you at this moment, that your child is bereft of all human aid?"

The attendants now began to chant the funeral hymns; and placed the body on the bier. When the instant, for its removal, arrived, Elizabeth, though weak, agitated, and trembling, determined to attend, to their last asylum, the remains of him who had guided and protected her, and who, when expiring, had prayed for her welfare.

On the right bank of the Thama, and at the foot of an eminence on which stand the ruins of a fortress, constructed during the remote period of the commotions of the Baschkirs²⁹, is a place set apart as a burial ground for the inhabitants of Sarapol. This spot is at a little distance from the town; it is enclosed by a low hedge, and in the centre is a small wooden building which serves for an oratory, and around which heaps of earth, surmounted by a cross, mark the different receptacles of the dead. Here and there a few straggling firs extend their gloomy shade; and, from beneath the sepulchral stones, grow large clusters of thistles with wide-spreading leaves and blue flowers; and another weed, of which the flowers of livid yellow seem formed to blossom only over the ashes of the dead.

The train that followed the coffin of the missionary was very numerous. It consisted of people of various nations, Persians, Turkomans³⁰, and Arabians, who had made their escape from the Kirguis, and had been received into colleges founded by Catherine the Second. With lighted tapers in their hands, they accompanied the funeral procession, blending their voices with those of the mourners, while Elizabeth, following slowly and in silence, her face covered with a veil, appeared as chief mourner, feeling no connexion, in the midst of this tumultuous crowd, but with him who was no more.

When the coffin was let down into the grave, the Pope, who officiated according to the rites of the Greek church, put a small piece of money into the hand of the deceased to pay his passage to the celestial regions. He then threw over the body a few shovels full of earth, and departed. Thus was consigned to oblivion the man who had never suffered a day to elapse without rendering services to his fellow creatures; like the beneficent wind, which scatters wide the grains of the earth, and thus produces plenty all around. He had travelled over more than half the world, sow-

ing the seeds of wisdom and of truth, and by that world he died forgotten. So little is fame attached to modest merit; and so little of it do men bestow, except on those who dazzle them, or on those conquerors who glory in destroying the human race to gratify their ambition. Vain worldly glory! fruitless honours! Heaven would not permit you to be thus the reward of human grandeur only, had it not reserved its own celestial glory for the recompense of virtue.

Elizabeth remained in the burying ground until the close of day. She wept in solitude, and offered up her supplications to the Almighty, which greatly relieved her bursting heart. In afflictions like hers, a meditation between Heaven and the grave is salutary. A reflection on death will rouse our drooping spirits: a contemplation on the joys of Heaven will excite hope and consolation. Where a misfortune is beheld in its extent, the horror we have conceived of it decreases; and where such a compensation is presented, the evil annexed to it loses its weight.

Elizabeth wept, but she did not repine. She thanked God for the blessings with which the

hardships of half her journey had been lessened, and did not feel that she was now entitled to complain because it was the will of Heaven to withdraw them. Bereft of her guide, of every human succour, her courage still sustained her, and the undaunted heroism of her soul was proof against despair. "My dear father, my tender mother," she exclaimed, "fear not; your child will not sink under the trials that await her." Thus did she address her parents in the language of encouragement, as if they had been witnesses of her destitute situation; and when secret terror, in spite of herself, stole in upon her soul, she would again invoke their names, and, in repeating them, her fears were dispelled. "Oh, holy and now happy spirit," said she, bending her head to the newly removed earth, "art thou then lost to us, before my beloved parents could express their gratitude, and could invoke blessings on the kind protector of their child?"

When night had begun to obscure the horizon, and Elizabeth was obliged to quit this melancholy spot, desirous to leave some memorial behind her, she took a sharp flint, and inscribed these words upon the cross which was erected over the

grave: *The just perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart*³¹. Then, bidding a final adieu to the remains of her protector, she left the burying ground, and returned sorrowfully to her lonely apartment in the inn at Sarapol, in which she had so dismally spent the preceding night.

On the ensuing morning, when she was about to proceed on her journey, the host gave her three rubles³², assuring her that it was all which remained in the missionary's purse. Elizabeth received them with emotions of gratitude and veneration, as if these riches, which she owed to her protector, had been sent from that Heaven of which he was now an inhabitant. "Yes," exclaimed she, "my guide, and my protector, your charity survives you; and, though you are taken from me, it is that which supports me still."

During her solitary route, her tears frequently flowed. Every object excited a bitter recollection of the friend she had lost. If a peasant, or an inquisitive traveller regarded her with impertinent curiosity, or interrogated her in accents of rudeness, she missed the venerable protector who had insured respect. If, oppressed by weariness,

she was obliged to seat herself near the road to rest, she dared not stop the empty sledge that passed, fearing a refusal, accompanied perhaps by insult. Besides, as she possessed but three rubles, she carefully preserved that pittance to delay the period when she must have recourse to accidental charity. Thus was she debarred from various little indulgences which the good missionary had often procured for her. She always selected the meanest habitation as that in which she asked shelter, contenting herself with the most wretched accommodations and the coarsest food.

She travelled so slowly that she was unable to reach Casan, till the beginning of October. A strong wind, from the north-west, had prevailed for several days, and had collected so great a quantity of ice upon the Wolga³³, as to render the passage of that river almost impracticable. It could only be crossed by going partly in a boat, and partly on foot, leaping from one piece of ice to another. Even the boatmen, who were accustomed to this dangerous navigation, would not undertake it but in consideration of a high reward; and no passenger ever ventured to ex-

pose his life with them in the attempt. Elizabeth, without thinking of the danger, was about to enter one of their boats: they roughly pushed her away, declaring that she could not be permitted to cross till the river was quite frozen over. She inquired how long she would probably have to wait. "A fortnight, at least," they replied. This determined her immediately to proceed, "I beseech you, in the name of Heaven I beseech you," she exclaimed, "aid me in crossing the river. I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to Petersburg, to petition the Emperor in behalf of my father, who is now an exile in Siberia; and I have so little money, that, if I am obliged to remain a fortnight at Casan, I shall have nothing left for the rest of my journey."

This affecting appeal softened the heart of one of the boatmen, who, taking her by the hand, "Come," said he, "you are a good girl; I will endeavour to ferry you over: the fear of God, and the love of your parents guide your steps, and Heaven will protect you." He then took her into his boat, which he rowed half way over:

not being able to work it farther, he lifted Elizabeth on his shoulder; and, alternately walking and leaping over the masses of ice; he reached, by the assistance of an oar, the opposite bank of the Wolga, where he set her down in safety. Elizabeth expressed her acknowledgments of the kindness in the most animated terms that her grateful heart could dictate, and, taking out her purse, which contained now but two rubles and a few smaller coins, offered a trifling reward for his services. "Poor child!" said the boatman, looking at the contents of her purse, "is that all the money you have to defray the expenses of your journey hence to Petersburg? Believe me that Nicholas Kisloff will not deprive you of a single obol! No, rather let me add to your little store; it will bring down a blessing upon me and my children." He then threw her a small piece of money, and returned to his boat, exclaiming, "May God watch over and protect you, my child."

Elizabeth took up the money, and, regarding it with her eyes filled with tears, said, "I will preserve thee for my father; thou wilt prove to

him that his prayers have been heard, and that a paternal protection has, everywhere, been extended to me."

The atmosphere was clear, and the sky serene, but the keen breezes of a northerly wind chilled the air. After having walked for four hours without stopping, Elizabeth's strength began to fail. No human habitation presented itself to her view, and she sought shelter at the foot of a hill, the rocky summit of which, jutting over, defended her from the wind. Near this hill was an extensive forest of oaks; trees which are not to be seen on the Asiatic side of the Wolga. Elizabeth knew not what they were. They had lost some of their foliage, yet their beauty was not so much diminished, but it might still have excited admiration, had she been able to view these European productions with pleasure. They, however, recalled too forcibly to her mind the immense distance which separated her from her parents: she preferred the fir, which solaced that spot where she had been reared; which had so frequently yielded shade to the days of her childhood, and under which, perhaps, her beloved parents at that instant reposed.

These and similar reflections always brought tears into her eyes: "Oh! when shall I be again blessed with beholding them!"—she exclaimed; "when shall I again hear the sound of their voices; when again return to their fond embraces?" As she spoke, she stretched her arms towards Casan, the buildings of which were still perceptible in the distant prospect; and, above the town, the ancient fortress of the Chams of Tartary³⁴ presented, from the summit of the rocks, a view grand and picturesque.

In the course of her journey Elizabeth often met with objects which affected her compassionate heart in a degree scarcely inferior to that of her own distress. Sometimes she encountered wretches chained together, who were condemned to work for life in the mines of Nerchinsk³⁵, or to inhabit the dreary coasts of Angara³⁶. At others, she saw troops of emigrants, who were destined to people the new city, which was building, by the Emperor's order, on the confines of China; some on foot, and others on the cars which conveyed the animals, poultry, and baggage. Notwithstanding these were criminals, who had been sentenced to a

milder doom, for offences which might justly have been punished with death, they did not fail to excite compassion in Elizabeth. But when she met exiles escorted by an officer of state; persons whose noble mien called to her recollection the condition of her father, she could not forbear shedding tears at their fate. Sometimes she ventured respectfully to approach, for the purpose of offering consolation. Pity, however, was the only gift that she had to bestow. With that she soothed the sorrows of many whom she met, and, by a return of pity, must she now herself depend for subsistence; for on her arrival at Voldomir³⁷, she had but one ruble left. She had occupied nearly three months in her journey from Sarapol to Voldomir; but, through the kind hospitality of the Russian peasants, who never take any payment for milk and bread, her little treasure had not been yet exhausted. Now, however, all began to fail; her feet were almost bare, and her ragged dress ill defended her from a frigidity of atmosphere, which had already sunk the thermometer thirty degrees below the freezing point, and which increased daily. The ground was covered with snow more than two feet deep. Sometimes it congealed while falling, and ap-

peared like a shower of ice, so thick that the earth and sky were equally concealed from view. At other times torrents of rain rendered the roads almost impassable, or gusts of wind, so violent arose, that Elizabeth, to defend herself from its rude assaults, was obliged to dig holes in the snow, covering her head with large pieces of the bark of pine-trees, which she dextrously stripped off, as she had seen done by the inhabitants of Siberia.

One of these tempestuous hurricanes had raised the snow, in thick clouds, and had created an obscurity so impenetrable that Elizabeth, no longer able to discern the road, and stumbling at every step, was obliged to stop. She took refuge under a lofty rock, to which she clung as firmly as she could, that she might be enabled to withstand the fury of a storm which overthrew all around her. Whilst she was in this perilous situation, with her head bent down, a confused noise, that appeared to issue from behind the spot where she stood, raised a hope that a better shelter might be procured. With difficulty she tottered round the rock, and discovered a kibitki, which had been overturned and broken, and a hut at no

great distance. She hastened to demand entrance. An old woman opened the door; and struck with the wretchedness of her appearance, "My poor child," said she, "whence dost thou come, and why art thou wandering thus alone in this dreadful weather?" To this interrogation Elizabeth made her usual reply; "I come from beyond Tobolsk, and am going to Petersburg to solicit my father's pardon." At these words, a man who was sitting, dejectedly, in a corner of the room, suddenly raised his head from between his hands, and, regarding Elizabeth with an air of astonishment, exclaimed, "Is it possible that you come from so remote a country, alone, in this state of distress, and during this tempestuous season, to solicit pardon for your father?—Alas! my poor child would perhaps have done as much, had not the barbarians torn me from her arms, leaving her in ignorance of my fate. She knows not what is become of me. She cannot plead for mercy. No, never shall I again behold her—this afflicting thought will kill me—separated for ever from my child, I cannot live. Now, indeed, that I know my doom," continued the unhappy father, "I might inform her of it; I have written a letter to her, but the carrier belonging to this kibitki,

who is returning to Riga³⁸, the place of her abode, will not undertake the charge of it without some small compensation, and I am unable to offer him any. Not a single copec do I possess: the barbarians have stripped me of every thing."

Elizabeth drew from her pocket the last ruble she possessed, and, blushing deeply at the insignificance of the trifle, asked, in timid accents, as she presented it to the unfortunate exile, "If that would be enough?" He pressed to his lips the generous hand that was held forth to succour him; and then ran to offer the money to the carrier. As with widow's mite, Heaven bestowed its blessing on the offering. The carrier was satisfied, and took charge of the letter. Thus did her noble sacrifice produce a fruit worthy of the heart of Elizabeth: it relieved the agonized feelings of a parent, and carried consolation to the wounded bosom of a child.

When the storm had abated, Elizabeth, before she pursued her journey, embraced the old woman, who had bestowed upon her all the care and tenderness of a mother; and said in a low voice, that she might not be heard by the exile,

“ I have nothing left to give: the blessing of my parents is the only recompense I have to offer for your kindness; it is the only treasure I possess.”
——“ How!” interrupted the old woman aloud,
“ My poor child, have you then given away all you possessed?” Elizabeth blushed, and hung down her head. The exile started from his seat, and, raising his hands to Heaven, threw himself upon his knees before her. “ Angel that thou art,” he exclaimed, “ can I make no return to you, who have thus bestowed your all upon me?” A knife lay upon the table: Elizabeth took it up, cut off a lock of her hair, and said, “ Sir, you are going into Siberia, and will see the Governor of Tobolsk; give him this, I beseech you, and tell him, that Elizabeth sends it to her parents. He will perhaps consent to forward it to them as a token by which they may know that their daughter is still in existence.”——“ Your wish shall be accomplished,” answered the exile, “ and if, in those deserts of which I am to be an inhabitant, I am not absolutely a slave, I will seek out the dwelling of your parents, and will tell them what you have this day done for me.”

To the heart of Elizabeth, the gift of a throne

would have afforded less delight, than the prospect of thus being able to convey consolation to her parents. She was now bereft of all, except the little piece of money given to her by the boatman of the Wolga. Yet she might deem herself rich, for she had just tasted the only pleasure which opulence could bestow: she had conferred happiness on a fellow creature, had revived the desponding heart of a father, and had converted tears of sadness, shed by the orphan, into those of consolation. Such were the blessings which even a single ruble had effected.

From Voldomir to the village of Pokroff the road lies through a marshy flat, covered with extensive forests of oaks, elms, aspens, and wild apple-trees. In summer these different trees form so many groves which delight the eye; and they afford an asylum to numerous banditti. In winter, as the boughs, despoiled of their foliage, do not afford so easy a concealment, these bands of robbers are less formidable. Elizabeth, however, during her journey, heard numerous accounts of robberies that had been committed. Had she carried with her valuable property, such accounts might have been to her a source of ter-

ror; but, obliged to beg her daily bread, poverty was her passport; and the protection of Heaven enabled her to traverse the forests in safety.

A few versts from Pokroff the high road had been torn up by a hurricane, and travellers proceeding to Moscow³⁹ were obliged to make a considerable circuit through swamps occasioned by the inundations of the Wolga. These, however, were now hardened, by the frost, to a solidity equal to that of dry land. Elizabeth attempted to follow the route which had been pointed out to her; but, after walking, for more than an hour, over this icy desert, through which were no traces of a road, she found herself in a swampy marsh, from which every endeavour to extricate herself was, for a long time, exerted in vain. At length, with great difficulty, she attained a little hillock. Covered with mud, and exhausted by fatigue, she seated herself upon a stone to rest, and took off her sandals to dry them in the sun, which at that moment shone in full lustre. The environs of this spot appeared to be perfectly desolate: no signs of a human dwelling were visible; solitude and silence prevailed around. Elizabeth now discovered that

she must have strayed far from the road, and, notwithstanding all the courage with which she was endued, her heart failed. Her situation was alarming in the extreme; behind was the bog she had just crossed, and before her an immense forest through which no track was to be distinguished.

At length day began to close; and, notwithstanding her extreme weariness, she was obliged to proceed in search of a shelter for the night, or of some person who might have the humanity to procure her one. In vain did she wander about, sometimes following one track, and sometimes another. No object presented itself to revive her hopes, no sound reanimated her drooping spirits; that of a human voice would have filled her heart with transport. Suddenly she heard the voices of several persons; and, immediately afterwards, saw some men issue from the forest. Elate with hope, she hastened towards them; but, as they drew near, terror again succeeded to joy. Their savage air and stern countenances dismayed her more than the horrors of the solitude in which she had so lately been plunged. All the stories she had heard of banditti immediately rushed

upon her imagination: she feared lest a judgment awaited her for the temerity with which she had indulged the idea that a special Providence watched over her preservation; and she fell upon her knees to humble herself in the presence of divine mercy. The troop advanced; stopped before Elizabeth, and, regarding her with surprise and curiosity, demanded whence she came, and what circumstance had brought her there. With downcast eyes, and a trembling voice, she replied, that she had come from beyond Tobolsk, and that she was going to Petersburgh, to solicit from the Emperor a pardon for her father. She added, that, having lost her road, she had nearly perished in the marshes; and that she was waiting until she had regained a little strength to go in search of an asylum. The men were astonished; they questioned her again, and asked her what money she had to enable her to undertake so long a journey. She drew from her bosom the little coin given to her by the boatman of the Wolga. "Is that all?" they inquired. "It is all," she replied. At this answer, delivered with a candour that enforced belief, the robbers looked at each other with amazement. They were not moved: they were not softened. Rendered cal-

lous by long habits of vice, an action of such noble heroism as that of Elizabeth had no such influence over their souls; but it excited wonder. They could not comprehend what they felt necessitated to believe; and, restrained by a kind of veneration, they dared not harm the object of Heaven's evident protection: so passing on, they said to each other, "Let us leave her; some supernatural Power protects her."

Elizabeth rose and hastened from them. She had not penetrated far into the forest before four roads, crossing each other, presented themselves to her view. In one of the angles which they formed was a little chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, and, over it, a direction-post inscribed with the names of the towns to which the different roads led. Elizabeth prostrated herself to offer her grateful acknowledgments to the Omnipotent Being who had preserved her: the robbers were not mistaken, she was protected by a supernatural Power.

Hope had restored to Elizabeth all her strength, and she entered again on the road to Pokroff with her usual activity. She soon regained the Wolga,

which forms an angle before this village, and flows past the walls of a convent of nuns. Elizabeth solicited shelter under its venerable roof. She related the hardships she had undergone, and disclosed to the community how much she stood in need of assistance. The nuns received her with so much cordiality, and lavished upon her such affectionate attentions, that their kind solicitude reminded her of those endearments which she had been accustomed to receive from her mother. The simple and modest recital that she gave of her adventures proved a source of edification to the whole community. Her pious auditors could not find words to express the admiration they felt at that heroic perseverance which had endured so many hardships, and had sustained so many severe trials without a murmur. They lamented their inability to assist her with money for the expenses of her future journey; but their convent was poor, had no revenue, and was supported by charity only. They could not, however, suffer their guest to depart in tattered garments, and nearly barefoot. To provide her with better habiliments they stripped themselves, and each gave to her a portion of her own clothing. Elizabeth endeavoured to decline

the gifts; for it was of articles necessary to their own comfort that her generous benefactresses deprived themselves; but, pointing to the walls of their convent, they said, “ We have a shelter while you have none; part of the little we possess belongs to you, for you are poorer still than we.”

At length Elizabeth set forward on the last stage to Moscow. She was astonished at the extraordinary bustle she now witnessed; at the immense concourse of carriages, carts, horses, and people of all ranks and ages, which was resorting to this great metropolis. As she passed onward, the crowd seemed to augment. In a village where she stopped to rest, she found every house thronged with travellers, who paid so high a price even for the smallest lodging, that it was with the utmost difficulty the destitute Elizabeth could obtain even the meanest shelter. Alas! how many tears did she not shed, at receiving from the hand of scornful charity a little coarse food, and at being permitted to rest her weary limbs in a miserable shed, which scarcely defended her from the wind and snow: yet she was not humiliated; for she never forgot that God was the witness of her sufferings, and that the

happiness of her parents was the end she had in view. Neither was she exalted; for she was too guileless to imagine that she did more than duty prescribed in devoting herself for their sake, and was too affectionate not to feel a secret satisfaction in suffering for them.

While immersed in thoughts like these, the bells of the village struck out; and from every side was resounded the name of Alexander, accompanied by loud acclamations of joy. The report of the cannon from Moscow quite alarmed her, for never before had she heard a sound so tremendous. In a timid voice she inquired the cause of these unusual sounds. "The Emperor is, no doubt, making his entrance into Moscow," said they.—"How!" exclaimed the astonished Elizabeth, "is not the Emperor then at Petersburgh?" They shrugged their shoulders, with an air of pity for her ignorance, and replied, "Poor girl! do you not know that the ceremony of Alexander's coronation must take place at Moscow?" Elizabeth clasped her hands in ecstasy. Heaven had again, in an especial manner, evinced itself in her favour; it had sent the monarch, upon whom the fate of her parents de-

pended, to meet her on the way; and had ordained that she should arrive at that period of general joy, when the hearts of monarchs recede even from the dictates of justice, in favour of those of clemency. "Oh! my dear parents," she exclaimed, looking back towards the home from which so great a distance separated her, "must such delightful hopes rejoice my heart alone? and while your child is happy, must you grieve in ignorance of her fate?"

In the month of March, 1801, Elizabeth made her entrance into the immense capital of Muscovy⁴⁰, imagining herself at the end of her labours, and not considering that there could be still a calamity to apprehend. On her progress through the city, superb edifices, decorated with all the magnificence of royalty, presented themselves to her admiring sight, but intermixed with wretched cabins, whose untiled roofs and broken casements afforded no shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The streets and alleys of Moscow were so thronged that Elizabeth could scarcely proceed through the crowds that obstructed the passage. After some time she found herself in meadows richly planted, and be-

gan to imagine that she was again in the country. She stopped to rest in a grand avenue formed by rows of birch-trees. An immense assemblage of well dressed people thronged this avenue. All were conversing on the subject of the coronation. Trains of carriages passed rapidly backwards and forwards. The bells of the cathedral rang incessantly, and were answered by those of the smaller churches from all parts of the town. The sound of cannon, which were fired at regular intervals, could scarcely be distinguished amidst the overpowering tumult of this prodigious city. As Elizabeth entered the square of the Kremlin⁴¹, the crowd appeared to increase at every step she took. She timidly approached one of the great fires which were lighted on this spot, and seated herself near it. Cold, weariness, and want of food had exhausted her spirits; and the joyful hopes of the morning were converted into sadness. She had wandered through the numerous streets of Moscow, but, among the splendid habitations, had beheld none that offered to her an asylum. She had met people of various nations and ranks, but had looked in vain for a friend or protector. Some had inquired their way, and expressed uneasiness at having missed it; how much did she

envy them ! “ Happy,” said she, “ to have a home to seek ; I, who possess none, cannot lose my way ; for in every place is shelter equally denied to me.”

Night now rapidly approached, and the cold became intense. The dejected Elizabeth had not eaten a morsel the whole day, and was nearly famished with hunger. She watched all who passed, to see whether she could discern, in their countenances, that expression of compassionate benevolence which might embolden her to make an appeal to their feelings. But, among the whole crowd, every individual of which she observed so earnestly, no one stood in need of her assistance, therefore they had no interest in contemplating her woe-worn countenance. At last she ventured to solicit an entrance at the doors of some of the poorest dwellings, but met with rude repulse. The hope of gain, during this period of festivity, had steeled every heart against the importunities of distress. Never perhaps are mankind less inclined to liberality than at the moment of acquiring an increase of wealth.

Elizabeth returned to the fire in the square of the Kremlin. She wept in silence. Her heart

was so much oppressed that she had not even the strength to eat a morsel of bread which an old woman had given to her. She was now, for the first time, reduced to so great a degree of misery that she resolved to hold forth her hand to implore alms that might be bestowed with apathy, or refused with scorn. At the moment that she was about to try this last resource, an emotion of dignified pride restrained the hand she had presented. But the cold was excessive; and, in spending the night exposed to the open air, her life would be endangered, and that life she did not consider in her own disposal. This reflection overcame her pride; and, placing one hand across her eyes, she stretched out the other to the first person who passed: "In the name of the father whom you revere, of the mother whom you cherish, give to me," said she, "a trifle to procure a lodging for the night." The man whom she addressed surveyed her attentively by the light of the flame. "Young woman," he replied, "you have chosen a wretched trade, are you not able to work? At your age a livelihood may easily be obtained. God help you! I never encourage beggars." And he passed on.

The unfortunate Elizabeth raised her eyes to Heaven, as if to implore succour from thence; and, emboldened by a voice of consolation which then whispered in her heart, she ventured to repeat her appeal to the compassion of several other persons. Some passed without listening to her; others gave to her, but it was, in the whole, so little, that she could not collect enough to relieve her necessities. At last, when night was far advanced, the crowd was dispersed, and the fire nearly extinguished, some of the imperial guards, in making their rounds, discovered her. They roughly demanded why she remained abroad at so late an hour. The stern looks and fierce manners of these soldiers overpowered her with terror. Incapacitated from uttering a syllable, she burst into an agony of tears. The soldiers, little affected at seeing her weep, assembled round her, repeating, with rude familiarity, their question. The trembling girl, at last recovering sufficient courage to answer, in a voice broken with sobs, said that she came from beyond Tobolsk, to petition of the Emperor pardon for her father; "I have performed the whole journey on foot," continued she, "and, having no money, I cannot obtain a shelter for

the night." At these words the soldiers burst into a loud laugh, and taxed her with falsehood. Elizabeth, more terrified than ever, sought to escape, but they would not suffer it, and insolently seized her. "Oh my God, oh my father!" she cried in accents of horror and despair, "will not you come to my succour? have you forsaken the wretched Elizabeth?" During this debate some persons of the lower class, attracted by the noise, had assembled in groups; and, by loud murmurs, expressed their disapprobation at the cruelty of the soldiers. Elizabeth stretched towards them her hands, in act of supplication. "Before Heaven," said she, "I solemnly protest that I have uttered nothing but the truth. I come from beyond Tobolsk, to implore pardon for my father; save me, save me; and let me not die till, at least, I have obtained it." These words touched every heart. Several persons advanced to her assistance, and one of them, addressing the soldiers, said, "I keep the Inn of St. Basil in this square; let the girl come with me; her story appears to be true; I will give her a lodging." The soldiers, who had begun to be somewhat softened by her distress, consented to his request, and withdrew.

The grateful Elizabeth embraced the knees of her preserver. He raised her kindly from the ground, and, desiring her to follow him, led the way to his dwelling, which was at a little distance. "I have not a room to give you," said he, "there is not one in my house unoccupied; but my wife will receive you into hers for one night. She is kind and compassionate, and will readily endure so small an inconvenience to serve you." Elizabeth, trembling and agitated, followed in silence. Her guide conducted her to a small room, in which a young woman, with an infant in her arms, was seated near a stove: she rose up on seeing them. Her husband informed her from what danger he had rescued the unfortunate girl; adding that he had promised to shelter her, at least, for the night. The young woman expressed her satisfaction, and, taking Elizabeth by the hand, said, with a smile of encouragement, "Be comforted, we will take good care of you, but never stay out so late again. In large towns such as this, it is very dangerous for females of your age to be found at a late hour in the streets. Elizabeth answered that she had no asylum to resort to. Every door had been closed against her. She owned her poverty without a

blush, and related all the hardships she had so heroically sustained. Her hosts wept at the recital: neither of them thought of doubting her veracity. The emotions which her story excited afforded a proof that it was true. The classes of society to which they belonged are not so easily misled by brilliant fictions; these soar beyond their capacities, while over their souls, truth, in all its purity, preserves its claims entire.

At the conclusion of Elizabeth's narrative, Jaques Rossi, the innkeeper, said to her, "My influence in this town is but small, but, as far as it can be exerted for my own interest, it shall be for yours." His wife pressed his hand in token of approbation; and asked Elizabeth if she knew no one who could present her to the Emperor. "No," she replied, not wishing to mention young Smoloff, lest she should involve him in some difficulty; besides no assistance could be expected from him, since he was in Livonia. "No matter," said the wife of Rossi, "the most powerful recommendation to our great sovereign is virtue in distress, and that will plead for you."—"Yes," interrupted her husband, "the Emperor

Alexander is to be crowned to-morrow in the church of the Assumption. You must place yourself in his way, and, at his feet, must solicit the remission of your father's sentence. I will accompany and encourage you."——" Oh, my generous benefactors!" exclaimed Elizabeth, clasping her hands with an expression of the liveliest gratitude, " Heaven beholds your kindness, and my parents will invoke blessings on you for it: you will conduct me to the feet of the Emperor, and will support me in his presence——perhaps you will be witnesses of my happiness——of the greatest happiness a human being is capable of enjoying. If it be granted me to obtain my father's pardon, to be the joyful bearer of the happy tidings to him and to my mother, to behold their delight——"

She was unable to proceed: the idea of such felicity almost forbade the hope that it might be realized. She could not believe that her deserts entitled her to expect it. The panegyrics, however, which her host bestowed upon the clemency of Alexander; the various anecdotes they recorded in evidence of the truth upon which these commendations were founded; and the grace

with which the value of those acts of mercy had been enhanced, reanimated her spirits. Elizabeth listened to them with eagerness. She would gladly have spent the whole night in hearing them repeated; but, as it grew late, her kind hosts wished her to enjoy some repose, that she might be the better enabled to support the exertions of the morrow. Rossi retired to a small apartment at the top of the house, and his wife shared her bed with Elizabeth.

It was long before the perturbation of her mind would permit her to sleep. She was thankful to Heaven even for her sufferings, since the excess of them had heightened the value of the generous hospitality she had experienced: "Had I been less miserable," thought she, "this good man would not perhaps have taken pity on me." When overcome by sleep, visions of happiness, in various forms, fleeted before her. Sometimes fancy presented her parents, their countenances irradiated with joy: sometimes she imagined the voice of the Emperor, addressing her, in terms of approbation and compliance with her entreaties; and sometimes another form presented itself to her imagination, but under characters more vague

and indistinct; a mist seemed to obscure it from her sight, and the impression that it left upon her heart was the only trace that remained.

On the morrow, as soon as the thunder of the artillery, the beating of the drums, and the loud acclamations of the people announced the dawn of the joyful day, Elizabeth, habited in a dress, lent to her by her kind hostess, and leaning upon the arm of Rossi, joined the crowd which followed the procession to the large church of the Assumption, where the coronation was to be performed.

More than a thousand tapers illuminated the holy temple, which was decorated in all the splendour of eastern magnificence. Upon a dazzling throne, beneath a canopy of rich velvet, were seated the Emperor and his youthful consort, habited in sumptuous dresses, which, displaying to advantage the beauty of their forms, gave to their appearance an air almost celestial. Kneeling before her august spouse, the Empress received from his hand the imperial diadem, and encircled her brow with this pledge of their eternal union. Opposite to the royal pair, and in the

sacred chair of truth, was the venerable Plato, the patriarch of Moscow; who, in a discourse at once pathetic and sublime, recalled to the youthful mind of Alexander the great duties annexed to royalty, and the awful responsibility imposed upon his elevated station, in return for the pomp that environed it, and the power with which it was invested. Amidst the assemblage of nations which thronged the cathedral, he pointed out to him the hunters of Kamschatka⁴², bringing tributes of skins from the Aleutsky Isles⁴³, which border on America; the merchants of Archangel⁴⁴, loaded with rich commodities which their vessels had brought from every quarter of the globe; the Samoyeds⁴⁵, a rude and unpolished people, who come from the mouth of the Genissy⁴⁶, a country condemned to the rigours of an eternal winter, where the beautiful flower of the spring and the rich produce of harvest are alike unknown; and the natives of Astracan⁴⁷, whose fertile fields yield melons, figs, and grapes of exquisite flavour: he showed him, lastly, the inhabitants of the shores of the Black⁴⁸ and Caspian Seas, and of the great Tartary, which, bounded by Persia, China, and the Empire of the Moguls⁴⁹, extending from the extremity of

the western hemisphere to that of the east, occupies nearly half the globe. "Sovereign of the most extensive empire of the earth," said he, "you, who are this day about to take the awful oath of presiding over the destinies of a state which includes a fifth part of the known world, bear it ever in remembrance that you have to answer at the tribunal of Divine Justice for the fate of millions of your fellow creatures; and that an injustice, through your neglect, done to the meanest among them, must be accounted for at the final day of retribution." At these words the heart of the young emperor appeared to be sensibly affected; but there was one, among the auditors, whose heart was not less affected than his; that of the suppliant who was come to solicit the remission of a father's sentence.

At the moment when Alexander began to pronounce the solemn oath which was to bind him to devote his future life to the happiness of his people, the enraptured Elizabeth imagined she heard the voice of mercy requiring him to break the chains of every unfortunate being within his dominions. Unable any longer to command her feelings, and, aided by a supernatural strength,

she pierced the crowd, and, forcing a passage through the lines of the soldiers, rushed towards the throne, exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy!" The vehemence of her supplication interrupted the ceremony, and occasioned so much confusion that the guards advanced, and, notwithstanding her entreaties, and the efforts of Jaques, dragged her out of the church. The Emperor, however, would not, on so glorious a day, be invoked in vain. He ordered one of the officers of his suite to inquire what it was that the petitioner wanted. The officer obeyed; he quitted the church in haste, and heard the imploring accents of the agonized suppliant, still endeavouring to prevail with the soldiers to allow her to return. He started, quickened his pace, saw who it was, recognized the daughter of the exile, and exclaimed, "It is she, it is Elizabeth!" Elizabeth turned: she could scarcely give credit to so much happiness; could scarcely believe that Smoloff was there to save her father. Yet it was his voice, his features; she could not be mistaken. Joy deprived her of utterance, and she stretched her arms towards him, as to a messenger sent from Heaven to her relief. He rushed forward, seized her hand, and, in his turn, began to doubt the tes-

timony of his senses. “Elizabeth,” he exclaimed, “is it indeed you? or do I behold a vision from Heaven? Speak, whence do you come?”——“From Tobolsk.”——“From Tobolsk! and have you travelled hither, alone, and on foot?”——“Yes,” she exclaimed, “I came to entreat pardon for my father, and they force me from the presence of the Emperor.”——“I will reconduct you to his presence,” interrupted the transported Smoloff; “I will present you to him: he will not resist your supplications; your prayer will be granted.” Smoloff then dispersed the soldiers, and led Elizabeth back towards the church. The imperial procession was, at that instant, issuing from the great gate of the cathedral. As soon as the monarch appeared, Smoloff, holding Elizabeth by the hand, forced a passage through the guards, and threw himself with her at the Emperor’s feet; “Sire,” he cried, “vouchsafe to listen to the voice of suffering virtue; behold the daughter of the unfortunate Stanislaus Potowsky⁵⁰; she has come from the deserts of Ischim, where her parents have for twelve years languished in exile. She has had no guide nor protector; has performed the journey on foot, begging her bread, and braving scorn and mi-

sery, snow and tempests, every danger and every fatigue, to implore, of your majesty, forgiveness for her father." Elizabeth raised her clasped hands towards Heaven, repeating the last words, "Forgiveness for my father!" A clamour of admiration arose from among the crowd! the Emperor himself joined in it; and, deeply rooted as his prejudices had been against Stanislaus Potowsky, in an instant they were totally effaced. He could not hesitate to believe that the father of a daughter so virtuous must be innocent of the crimes alleged against him; but, had it been otherwise, Alexander would not have withheld forgiveness. "The pardon is granted," said he; "your father is free." Elizabeth heard no more: at the word pardon, joy overpowered her, and she fell senseless into the arms of Smoloff. In this state she was carried, through an immense crowd, who opened a passage, shouting with joyful acclamations of approbation at the transcendant virtue of the heroine, and the clemency of the monarch, and was conveyed back to the house of the benevolent Rossi.

After recovering her senses, the first object that met her eyes was Smoloff, kneeling beside

her: the first sound she heard was that of a repetition from his lips of the words used by the Emperor; "Elizabeth, the pardon is granted; your father is free." For some moments it was by looks only that she could express her joy and gratitude; but they expressed more than language could have imparted. At length, turning to Smoloff, she pronounced, in a faltering voice, the names of her father and mother; "We shall again behold them then," said she; "we shall enjoy the sight of their happiness." These words sunk deeply into the heart of him to whom they were addressed. Elizabeth had not said that she loved him; but she had associated him with the first sentiment of her soul, with that object of felicity, in which all her ideas and all her hopes so long had centred. From that happy moment Smoloff ventured to indulge a hope, that she would, on a future day, consent to realize his happiness.

Several days elapsed before the deed of pardon could be drawn up and signed. Previously to its final accomplishment it was requisite to inquire into the causes of Potowsky's condemnation; and the investigation proved so favourable to the

noble Polander, that equity alone would have authorized the Emperor to break the chains of the illustrious patriot. But he had listened to the dictates of clemency before he knew what those of justice required; an act of generosity which those, whom he thus nobly pardoned, never forgot.

One morning Smoloff called on Elizabeth at an earlier hour than he had before presumed to visit her, and presented to her a parchment with the imperial seal. "Behold," said he, "the mandate in which the Emperor commands my father to restore liberty to yours." Elizabeth seized the parchment, and, pressing it to her lips, bathed it with tears. "This is not all," continued Smoloff; "our magnanimous sovereign performs a noble action in a manner worthy of himself. He restores to your father his dignities, his rank, his property: all those honours which elevate man in the estimation of his fellows, but which can never elevate Elizabeth. The courier who is to convey the order to Tobolsk departs to-morrow, and I have obtained permission from the Emperor to accompany him."———"And may not I also accompany him?" eagerly interrupted

Elizabeth. "Unquestionably," resumed Smoloff, "and from your lips only your father must learn that he is free. Presuming upon my knowledge of your sentiments, I told the Emperor that it was your wish to be yourself the bearer of the joyful intelligence. He approved the design, and charged me with the commission of informing you that you have leave to depart to-morrow in one of his carriages, attended by two female domestics; and he has sent a purse of two thousand rubles to defray the expenses of your journey." Elizabeth, fixing her eyes thoughtfully on Smoloff, replied, "From the day on which I first saw you, to the present hour, I do not recollect that I have obtained a single benefit of which you have not been the author. Without your assistance, I could not have obtained my father's pardon; without your generous interference, never would he have beheld his country again: to you then it belongs to tell him he is free: this glorious recompense alone is adequate to your benefits." — "No, Elizabeth," replied Smoloff, "that happiness must be yours; the recompense to which I aspire is still greater." — "Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "what higher reward can there be?" Smoloff was on the point of answering

in terms expressive of the rapture he felt; but, repressing his emotion, he coloured and cast his eyes upon the ground. An interval of silence ensued; at length, in a faltering voice, Smoloff answered, "Elizabeth, I must not tell you but in the presence of your father."

From the time that Smoloff had so unexpectedly found Elizabeth, he had not suffered a single day to pass without seeing her, without remaining in her company for many successive hours; without discovering some new reason for loving her more ardently than before. But never had he deviated for a moment from the respect he owed her. She was at a distance from her parents; she looked to him alone for protection; and the valuable deposit, thus entrusted to his charge, he considered so sacred, that he could not have prevailed with himself to utter any sentiment that had the least tendency to excite emotion either in her countenance or her heart.

During the long journey they had to perform, he preserved the same respectful silence. Constantly seated by her, beholding her, hearing her, his passion continued to increase, but never over-

came his resolution. He bestowed upon her always the appellation of sister; and, though his attentions were more assiduous than those of the fondest brother, they were not the less innocent; they were calculated to inspire confidence in the most scrupulous delicacy, and must have satisfied expectations the most unbounded. His sentiments were only perceptible in the attempts that he made to conceal them; friendship seemed to prompt all he uttered; in his silence alone could his love be discovered.

Before she quitted Moscow, Elizabeth liberally rewarded her generous hosts; nor, on recrossing the Wolga, at Casan, was she unmindful of Kisoloff the waterman. She inquired for him and was informed, that, in consequence of a serious accident, he had been reduced to the lowest state of poverty, and was languishing on a sick bed, surrounded by six children, who were in want of food. Elizabeth requested to be immediately conducted to his habitation. When he before saw her, it was in poverty, in dejection, and clothed in rags; now that he beheld her in splendour, with joy and animation sparkling in her eyes, and diffusing a brilliancy over her whole

appearance, he was unable to recognise her, Elizabeth took from her purse the little coin which he had given her, and showing it to him, brought to his memory the act of kindness he had performed ; then, laying a hundred rubles upon his bed, she added, “ Charity fails not to reap its reward ; behold that which you gave me, Heaven now returns a hundred fold.”

Elizabeth was so eager to rejoin her parents, that she travelled night and day. On her arrival at Sarapol, notwithstanding her haste, she stopped to visit the tomb of the missionary. As this was a tribute of grateful veneration, almost equivalent to an act of filial duty, Elizabeth could not let it pass unfulfilled. She beheld once more the cross, with the inscription which she had engraven upon it. Again she wept over that grave where she had formerly shed so many bitter tears ; but those she now shed were the tears of soothing consolation. She imagined, that, in that celestial paradise, of which he was now a blessed inhabitant, the missionary partook of her felicity ; and that, in his soul, so full of benevolence, her happiness added to the happiness which he enjoyed in the bosom of his God.

But I hasten to bring my story to a conclusion ; and, with Elizabeth, to reach the dwelling where the days of her absence were numbered with excessive anxiety. I will not attempt a description of the scene of joy exhibited at Tobolsk, when young Smoloff presented Elizabeth to his father ; and she, in all the effusions of her grateful heart, acknowledged the blessings she owed to his assistance. Elizabeth would not consent to let her parents be informed of her approach. She learned at Tobolsk that they were well ; and this information was further confirmed at Saimka. Wishing agreeably to surprise them, she proceeded, with a palpitating heart, to their cottage, attended only by Smoloff. What varying emotions agitated her as she crossed the forest, drew near the banks of the lake, and recognised every tree, and every rock, adjacent to the habitation of her parents ! At last she caught sight of the paternal roof ; she rushed forward ; but the violence of her feelings obliged her to stop. Alas ! behold the state of human nature ! we seek for happiness in excess of joy ; which excess, more violent in its effects than that of misery, we are not able to bear. Elizabeth, leaning upon the arm of Smoloff, faintly uttered, “ If I should find my

ELIZABETH.



The return of Elizabeth to her parents.

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DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL. R.A. ENGRAVED BY G. CORBOULD.

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mother ill." The fear of such a calamity moderated the happiness which had overwhelmed her, and recovered all her strength. Again she ran: she reached the threshold: she heard the sound of well known voices, and called to her parents in an ecstasy which almost deprived her of sense. The door was opened, and her father appeared. At the cry he uttered her mother rushed out, and Elizabeth, unable to support herself, fell into their extended arms. "It is Elizabeth," exclaimed Smoloff, "she is the bearer of your pardon: she has triumphed over every obstacle, and has attained, from the generosity of the Emperor, even more than she had expected." These words added not to the joy of the delighted parents: every sensation was absorbed in that all powerful one of happiness in again beholding their child. She was restored; and this was, to them, the greatest blessing on earth. Long did they remain in a delirium of joy which could admit of no increase. A few unconnected sentences escaped from their lips, but they knew not what they uttered. In vain did they seek for words to express the feelings that overpowered them; by tears and by looks only could they make them-

selves understood; and their strength, as well as their reason, began to fail under excess of joy.

Smoloff prostrated himself at the feet of Stanislaus and Phedora. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "condescend, in this moment of your bliss, to regard me also as your child. Hitherto Elizabeth has condescended to distinguish me by the affectionate name of brother; but now, perhaps, she will permit me to aspire to a title still more endearing."

Elizabeth seized a hand of each of her parents; and, regarding them with looks of the tenderest affection, she thus spoke: "Without the aid of M. de Smoloff I should not perhaps have been here. It was he who conducted me into the presence of the Emperor, who advocated my cause, who solicited your forgiveness, and who obtained it. It is he who has been so zealously instrumental in restoring you to your rights, and who has reconducted me to the bosom of my beloved parents. Oh, my mother, instruct me how to convince him of my gratitude! teach me, my father, how to requite it!" Phedora, embracing her daughter, answered, "you must convince him of your

gratitude by bestowing upon him your love; a love like that which you have seen me bear to your father." Stanislaus, interrupting her, exclaimed, in an accent of enthusiasm, "Oh! my Phedora, who can appreciate the gift of a heart like thine! It is above all value. But, on such an occasion as this, the generosity of Elizabeth cannot be too great." Elizabeth, uniting the hand of Smoloff, with the hands of her parents, said to him, with a look of fascinating innocence and with the most modest timidity, "Will you promise me—never to forsake them?"—"Oh happiness!" he exclaimed, "infinitely beyond my desert. Her parents give her to me, and she consents to be mine." His rapture was such as to deprive him of further utterance; and such was the enthusiasm of his love, that, at this moment, he could scarcely imagine there was, in the disposal of Heaven, a happiness more unmingled, a happiness which could equal that which he now enjoyed. The transports of the mother in again beholding her child; the exultation of the father, who owed, to the unprecedented efforts and magnanimity of his daughter, the recovery of his liberty even the inexpressible satisfaction of Elizabeth herself, who had already fulfilled the most

sacred of human duties, and who had evinced a virtue unparalleled, did not, in the estimation of Smoloff, appear in any degree comparable to the happiness for which he was indebted to love alone.

Were I to attempt a description of the days that followed, I would represent the fond parents informing their child of all the apprehensions, alarms, and anguish, they had experienced during her long absence; I would represent them listening, with the alternate emotions of hope and fear, to the recital she gave of the diversified adventures of her long and perilous journey; I would recount the blessings which her father invoked on all who had been the friends and protectors of his child, and show the tender Phedora exhibiting the lock of hair, sent by Elizabeth, which she wore next her heart, and which enabled her to divert the painful solicitude of many a tedious hour; I would attempt to convey, to my readers, some idea of their feelings on that day when the exile, who brought it, presented himself at the door of the cottage, to inform them how greatly he was indebted to the generosity of their daughter; I would endeavour to paint the grief excited

by the narrative of her sufferings, and the joy which they felt upon the recital of her virtues; and finally I would describe their departure from their rustic habitation and from the land of exile, where they had encountered so many evils, but where they had likewise experienced the greatest happiness, enhanced by the sorrows which had preceded it; and by the tears which its acquisition had cost them; like the sun whose rays are never more vivid and refreshing than when they penetrate the vapours which envelope him, and reflect their bright beams upon the fields and foliage bespangled with dew.

Pure and almost spotless as the angels, Elizabeth was destined to participate, on earth, a happiness resembling theirs, and like them to live in innocence and love.

Here I shall conclude; for, when representations of human happiness are prolonged, they become fatiguing, because they become improbable; and the moment we lose sight of probability, the narrative ceases to interest us; for we all know, from experience, that a perpetuity of bliss is not the lot of humanity; and even lan-

gnage, which is so copious and varied in its expression of sorrow, is poor and inadequate in the delineation of joy—one day of happiness is sufficient to exhaust them all.

I have described Elizabeth as restored to her parents. By them she is conducted into Poland, the place of her nativity, and reinstated in the exalted rank occupied by her ancestors—by them she is united to the man whom she loves—to the man whom they esteem worthy of her love.

Here then let us close the narrative, and leave her completely happy. Were I to add one page more to my story, I should be apprehensive, from my own knowledge of the vicissitudes of human life, of the crosses, the fallacious hopes, and the fugacious, as well as chimerical happiness, which mark its tenor, that I might have some misfortune to recount, for temporal happiness is never of long duration.

NOTES.

¹ Tobolsk, or Tobolski, is the residence of a governor, and of the Greek archbishop of Siberia. It is situated at the confluence of the Irtish and the Tobol, and is built partly upon a little hill on the east of the Irtish, so that it is divided into upper and lower. The governor's palace is in the citadel, some part of which was still in ruins when Kotzebue arrived there, as an exile, in 1800.

Tobolsk contains several churches; its inhabitants are computed at 15,000 souls. The bazar, or market-place, swarms with Kalmuck merchants, who bring goods from India; but the principal trade of Tobolsk consists in furs. In this city provisions are very cheap.

² Siberia is the most Northern country of the Russian Empire in Asia. It is bounded on the East by the sea of Japan, on the South by Chinese Tartary, on the West by European Russia, and on the North by the Frozen Ocean. As this immense country, more than 2,000 English miles in length, scarcely contains more than 3,500,000 inhabitants, the emperors of

Russia send thither all the criminals of the empire, condemned to exile by the sentence of a court of justice, and all persons suspected of crimes against the state, often without their having been summoned to a single interrogatory, or knowing the cause of their banishment. The people who inhabited Siberia, when it was conquered in 1777 by Yermak, a Cossack chief, were the Tartars, the Vogouls, and the Ostiacks.

³ The verst is a measure which serves to mark distance in Russia, like the mile in England, and the league in France. Three versts are nearly equal to two English miles.

⁴ The Aurora Borealis is a brilliant phenomenon of nature, which exists, almost exclusively, to the northern regions of the terrestrial globe, though some travellers have asserted, that the South Pole has likewise its Aurora Australis. It is a sort of circular cloud, extended over the horizon, from which issue spouts, sheafs, and columns of fire of different hues, yellow, blood colour, red, blue, violet, &c.

The matter of which the Aurora Borealis is composed, appears to have its seat, in the atmosphere, at a considerable height, the same Aurora having been seen at Petersburg, Naples, Rome, Lisbon, and even at Cadiz. M. de Mairan, in his treatise on the Aurora Borealis, maintains that these phenomena are generally at an elevation of from three to nine miles.

The progress of electricity, in the century which has just passed, promises a sure way to the physical causes of the Aurora Borealis, whose rockets, spouts, and sheets of light seem to be so many electrical currents, which float in the highly rarified air of the elevated regions of the atmosphere.

⁵ The province of Ischim, so called from the river of the same name, is an immense plain of Siberia to the south of Tobolsk, between the Irtysh and the Ischim.

⁶ The Kirquis or Kirghese, are a Tartar colony to the north of Independent Tartary, divided into three hordes, the greater, the middle, and the lesser. The desert of Ischim separates them from Siberia.

⁷ The Tobol derives its source from the country of the Kirquis, among the mountains which separate it from the government of Ufa. It falls into the Irtysh near Tobolsk, after having supplied a course of about 500 versts. Its banks are so little elevated, that it generally overflows them in the spring, and inundates a vast extent of country.

⁸ The Tartars are a numerous people, who inhabit the greater part of the North of Asia, and the North of Europe. Siberia was originally inhabited by Tartars: it also borders upon Chinese and Independent Tartary. The Tartars are almost all Mahometans. They subsist on their cattle, and on plunder which they obtain from their neighbours. They are particularly fond of horseflesh. For the most part they are a wandering race, encamping here and there without any fixed habitation. They are divided into many tribes, as the Kalmucks, Kirquis, Usbees, Nogayans, Moguls, &c.

⁹ The Lake Baikal is in the government of Irkutsk, and extends from the fifty-first to the fifty-fifth degree of North Latitude. The Russians call it the Baikal Sea, and the Holy Sea; and, next to the Caspian Sea,

it is the largest expanse of water in Russia. It is from five to six hundred versts in length, and from fifty to seventy in breadth. This lake is nearly surrounded by high mountains. It is generally covered with ice before the end of December, which does not melt till the month of May. There are several islands in it.

¹⁰ The steppes are high uncultivated plains, and, for the most part, destitute of inhabitants. In those which are covered with brushwood, and watered by rivulets, the wandering hordes travel with their flocks. There are even some villages found in them. They are generally of immense extent.

¹¹ The Cornel Tree, Cornelberry. *Cornus Alba* of Linnæus, has broad oval leaves and white berries.

¹² Carassin is the specific name of a fish of the Carp kind. *Cyprinus Carassius*. Linn. Its body is large, thick, and covered with scales of a middling size. It is brown on the back, greenish on the sides, and yellowish with some spots of red under the belly. It delights in lakes of which the bottom is marly.

¹³ The Uralian Mountains serve as a boundary between Europe and the North of Asia. From North to South they extend, in a straight line, more than 1500 English miles. They may be divided into three principal branches, one of which reaches to the Frozen Ocean. The highest point of the Uralian Mountains is the Bashkirey, in the government of Orenburg. They abound in useful minerals, are covered with thick forests, and give rise to ten or twelve considerable rivers.

¹⁴ Beresow, or Beresov, is a city of Siberia, situated in a province of the same name, to the North-east of Tobolsk, and 372 miles distant from it, in 34° N. Latitude, and $65^{\circ} 14'$ E. Longitude. Prince Menzikof died there in exile in 1729. The district Beresov has some valuable gold mines.

¹⁵ Ingria, or Ingermanland, is that province of European Russia situated at the extremity of the Gulf of Finland, which Peter the Great conquered from the Swedes in the year 1702, at the same time with Livonia, Esthonia, and a part of Finland, which now forms the government of Riga, Revel, and Wibourg. St. Petersburg is its capital, and Ingria forms the government of St. Petersburg.

¹⁶ Mngwort, Southernwood. *Artemisia*.

¹⁷ The Persian Duck. Probably the *Anas Rufina*, or beautiful tufted duck of Buffon, *Anas Sponsa*.

¹⁹ Kamschatka is a large peninsula at the North East extremity of Asia. It was discovered by the Russians in 1696, and made tributary in 1711. It has two Volcanoes, one of which emitted considerable flames in 1762, and again in 1767, and iron mines which have been worked with success from the year 1760. Its two principal ports are Kamschatka and Awatchka, called also Port St. Peter and St. Paul. The city of Bolchetskoioistrog, which, as the residence of the governor, is deemed the capital of Kamschatka; contains nearly five hundred tolerably well built houses.

²⁰ Tartary, in general, signifies indefinitely all the

countries to the North of Persia, from Hindoostan and China, to the Frozen Ocean, and from the Black Sea and the boundaries of European Russia to the eastern oceans.

²¹ Copeck or copec, a small piece of Russian money, worth somewhat more than an English farthing. A hundred copecks are a ruble, and a ruble is equivalent to two shillings and twopence, English money.

²² Tinoen, Tiumen, or Tioumen, is the first town in Siberia on entering the government of Tobolsk from European Russia. It is situated in the province of Tobolsk, and on the banks of the river Tura. In the vicinity of this town foxes are taken, whose skins are held in such estimation, that they are all sent to the court of Russia.

²³ Livonia is one of the four great provinces of European Russia, situated on the shores of the Baltic, which Peter the Great wrested from Sweden in 1702. Its capital is Riga.

²⁴ Perma, or Permski, is a considerable, but ill built town of Asiatic Russia, on the river Kama, between the Dwina and the Oby, six hundred versts from Kasan. It is the residence of a governor, and the capital of a government, which bears the same name.

²⁵ Kasan, or Casan, a considerable town of Asiatic Russia, the capital of the province or government of the same name, is situated on the river Casanska, at no great distance from the Wolga, in latitude $55^{\circ} 44'$

north. It was formerly the capital of a Tartar kingdom of the same name, which the Russians took in 1554. Its suburbs extend three versts from the city. A very valuable kind of morocco leather is manufactured here, and it also carries on an extensive trade in skins.

²⁶ The Kibitki is a light travelling carriage, much used in Russia, and long enough for travellers to lie down in it at full length.

²⁷ The Thama, or Kama, is a considerable river of Asiatic Russia, which, after a long course, falls into the Wolga in the government of Kasan. It is very broad, and flows with great rapidity.

²⁸ Pope is a Greek name, which signifies father. It is an appellation given to all the ministers of the Greek church. These pious personages are dressed after the manner of the East, and though generally possessing little information, are much to be commended for their spirit of toleration to every other profession of faith.

²⁹ The Baschkirs, or Bashkirs, are a colony of Asiatic Russia, who derive their origin partly from the Nogayan Tartars, and partly from the Bulgarians. They dwell principally in Siberia, on the banks of the Wolga and the Ural. In 1770, it was calculated that 27,000 families of them were settled in the governments of Ufa and Perma. In summer they live in tents near their flocks, and in winter in miserable huts. Their religion is Mahomedan: but they are very superstitious, and believe in witchcraft and incantations.

³⁰ The Turkomans are a Tartar people, who inhabit the borders of the Caspian Sea.

³¹ Isaiah, chap. 57, verse 1.

³² The ruble is a Russian coin, equivalent to two shillings and twopence sterling, English.

³³ The Volga or Wolga, is one of the most celebrated rivers of Europe, called by the Tartars, Idel, Adel, or Edel. It rises in the mountains of the government of Tuer, which it waters, as well as the governments of Yaroslaf, Kostroma, Nishney, Novogorod, Kasan, Simmurisk, Saratof, and Caucasus, and falls into the Caspian Sea near Astracan, after being divided into seventy branches which form several islands. Its course is nearly four thousand versts in length. Seleucus Nicanor, after him Selim II., and lastly Peter the Great, had the idea of digging a canal of communication between the Don and the Wolga in order to be able to pass from the Baltic and the Caspian to the Euxine Sea. This river abounds in fish.

³⁴ The Chams of Tartary were sovereign princes : but the title of Cham is given generally to all the superior officers, governors of towns or provinces, among the Tartars, and other people of the East.

³⁵ Nertchinsk is a small town of Siberia to the south-east of Tobolsk, famous for its silver mines, which are worked for the crown by malefactors and other exiles condemned to these labours. It is situated on the little river Nertchu, which flows into the Amoor in the midst of that chain of mountains

called the Nertchinskoi mountains, which contain all sorts of mineral productions in abundance.

³⁶ The Angara is a small river of Siberia, which rises in the mountains of Baikal, and waters the government of Irkutsk.

³⁷ Volodimir or Vladimir, a town and duchy of great Russia, the capital of the government of the same name.

³⁸ Riga, is the capital of Livonia, and of a government of the same name. It was a Hanse Town, of which the Russians seized possession in 1710, and it has belonged to them from that period. Its situation on the Baltic, at the mouth of the Dwina, renders it very commercial. North latitude 57°, East longitude 24°.

³⁹ Moscow, or Moskva, formerly the capital of Russia before Peter the Great had built St. Petersburg, and now the capital of the government of the same name, is one of the most considerable cities of Europe. The earl of Carlisle, ambassador from the court of London to Moscow, in the reign of Charles II. gives it a circumference of twelve English miles. Voltaire and Coxe enlarge this circumference to twenty miles, and state that the number of its inhabitants in 1792 amounted to 328,000 souls. But the magnificence of the buildings by no means correspond to the size of this vast enclosure. The handsomest edifices are the cathedral, the imperial palace, and the foundling hospital, instituted by Catharine II. By the side of the most superb palaces, stand wretched wooden houses and miserable hovels; which made the

Prince de Ligne say, that Moscow appeared as if the castles of four or five hundred noblemen, with their respective villages, had been drawn there upon wheels, and entered into an agreement to live together.

⁴⁰ Moscow was formerly the capital of the Russian empire, and the residence of the Czars. Peter the Great constructed a canal, which communicates from St. Petersburg to Moscow. This latter city, though of less consequence than formerly, is still very commercial. It is situated on the Moskwa. North latitude $55^{\circ} 36'$, East longitude 39° .

⁴¹ The Kremlin is a vast quarter, almost in the centre of Moscow, containing the ancient Imperial palace, the pleasure-house, the emperor's stables, the palace which formerly belonged to the patriarch, the cathedral, five convents, four churches, and the arsenal. All the churches of the Kremlin have superb bells, and are built in the gothic style. The cathedral is ornamented with nine towers covered with copper.

⁴² The Kamtschadales, or inhabitants of Kamtschatka, possess a lively imagination, an excellent memory, and a peculiar readiness in imitating what they see others do. Hunting and fishing are their principal occupations. The dog is their favourite domestic animal. They travel in little carts, drawn by dogs, and are in general extremely superstitious.

⁴³ The Aleutian, or Aleutsky islands. This is the name given to that chain of islands which extends from the north of Kamtschatka to the continent of America, and which, in reality, is only a branch of

the mountains of Kamtschatka. They were discovered a short time after the island of Behring. The word Aleut signifies a bald or naked rock. Those islands which are nearest to America are known by the name of Andreanofskoi and the Fox Islands.

⁴⁴ Archangel is a considerable town of Russia, the capital of the government of the same name, situated on the White Sea, at the mouth of one of the branches of the Dwina, which forms its port, in lat. $64^{\circ} 34'$ N. and long. $38^{\circ} 55'$ E. The port of Archangel was the only one by which Russia could communicate by sea, with the rest of Europe, before Peter the Great had founded St. Petersburg. Its commerce is still very important.

⁴⁵ The Samoyeds are a Tartar people, who inhabit the north of Russia between Asiatic Tartary and the government of Archangel along the sea coast, as far as Siberia. They subsist by hunting and fishing like the Kamtschadales.

⁴⁶ The Yenissey, called Kem by the Tartars and Moguls, and Gub, or Khases, which signifies the Great River by the Ostiacks, is formed by two rivers, the Kamsara and the Veikem, which take their source in Chinese Soongory. After a long course towards the north it falls into the Frozen Ocean. Its banks are lined with high rocky mountains; it forms several islands, has cataracts between the towns of Yenisseisk and Krennoyarsk, and abounds in fish of every species.

⁴⁷ Astracan is a considerable town of Asiatic Russia, the capital of the government of Caucasus,

which anciently formed an independent kingdom, called the kingdom of Astracan. It stands on an island, which the Volga forms near its mouth in the Caspian Sea, in lat. $46^{\circ} 20'$ N. and long. $48^{\circ} 2'$ E. It is said to contain more than 70,000 inhabitants, twenty-five Russian churches, two convents, many chapels belonging to the Armenians, Lutherans, and Roman Catholics, and even an Indian temple. Its circumference is three miles.

⁴⁸ The Black Sea, anciently the Pontus Euxinus, bathes the Russian governments of the Taurida, the Caucasus, and Ekatarinoslof. Its principal ports are Kaffa or Theodosia, Sebastopol, Koslof, and Balaklava.

⁴⁹ The empire of the Moguls is that vast empire in the East Indies, founded by Tamerlane, but which, after the invasion of Kouli Khan, in 1739, became the prey of its Soubahs, Nabobs, and other Mahomedan governors. Its internal divisions have fixed the establishments of the English in Hindoostan on bases which appear immovable.

⁵⁰ There is some inconvenience in romances which are founded in history, in employing well known names and remarkable eras. The Powtowska, or according to the true orthography, Potocka family, was indeed one of the most illustrious in Poland, and a member of that family really fell a victim, in Russia, to his patriotic courage: but it was Count Ignacio Potocky, and not Stanislaus. He was not sent into Siberia, but confined in the dungeons of a very rigorous state prison with the brave Kosciusko, and it was the empress Catharine II. who placed him there.

He was liberated, as well as his companion in misfortune, by the son of that empress, the emperor Paul, who, from the first day of his reign, went to visit the noble martyrs of Polish liberty, and broke their chains.

The young girl who really accomplished two thousand four hundred English miles alone, on foot, to solicit the pardon of her father at St. Petersburg, belonged to no distinguished family. Her name was Praskowja Lapolowa. She died at Novogorod in 1810, six years after her generous devotion. Her father was exiled into Siberia in 1798.

